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Poetry.

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

The following was written some two centuries and a half since by Robert Southworth, an English Jesuit. It belongs to what may be called philosophic poetry, and, to us, appears to possess high merit:

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find relief from pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower.
Times go by turns, and chances by course,
From foul to fair, from betters hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth forever flow,
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her tides hath equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web.
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in time amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor even spring,
Nor endless night, nor yet eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That may hope to rise yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
The net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed,
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall,
Who least, hath some, who most hath never all.

OUTSIDE THE GARDEN GATE.

Two little forms outside the gate,
Who, hour by hour, in patience wait;
Four wistful eyes as bright as stars
Peeping with wonder through the bars;
Four little hands that long to hold
Bright flowers, or apples red and gold;
Two shrill young voices that would say;
"Give us some flowers or fruit to-day!"
Only—what little tongue could daro
Ask such a boon from lady fair?

She comes! and down the velvet walk
Moves gently, and with silver talk
Beguiles the time; her comrades glide
In pleasant converse by her side.
They do not see the eager eyes
Who watch them with a glad surprise.
To rustic judgment, they must seem
Like white-robed angels in a dream,
So fair, so graceful, and so blest
In such sweet garden-bowers to rest,
And no doubt plucking many a gem
Which seems so far away from them!

Alas! how oft our mortal fate
Keeps us outside the garden gate!
Almost we feel we might be there,
Wandering amid those scenes so fair;
Almost our fingers seem to clasp;
Some adverse fortune seems to say:
"'Tis not for thee! Go by the way!"
—*Chamber's Journal.*

Our Story Teller.

MRS. BLACK'S RECEPTION.

BY ALLAN ENDICOTT.

It was exactly 7:30 a. m., and, as was the wont at the Brown's mansion, breakfast was already laid and the Browns were seated at the table discussing chops and eggs. Chops and eggs are always discussed in novels, I believe, so let us use the phrase here; it sounds so much more polite than a more commonplace expression. In reality it wasn't chops and eggs that the Browns were discussing, but sugar; that is, Mr. Brown was holding forth on the thousands of pounds of a No. 1, large bars, that the great firm of S. Brown's Sons had shipped during the week past. "Yes, sir, we're just booming things," he remarked cheerfully. "I expect to make a mint of money on that Diamond No. B—that's the new brand, you know."

Mrs. Brown evidently did know, for she went on pouring out the coffee from the silver urn, and revolving in her mind her morning's shopping list, without paying the slightest attention to her husband's sonpine rhapsody. We can't blame her for not listening—didn't Brown have soap with every meal? It was sometimes one brand, sometimes another, but always soap; unless, perchance, Mr. Brown spoke in a guarded way of "the lodge." Mr. Brown was not a little proud of his connection with an august Masonic body, and always spoke of the lodge in most reverential terms.

Mrs. Brown awoke from the reverie with a suddenness that caused her to stop in the midst of pouring out the last cup of coffee. "Why, Caroline, my dear child, what are you to wear to the reception? I forgot all about your new dress being at Mme. Maglarte's; and she said she couldn't possibly have it fixed before Saturday. You can't wear that pink dress again—"

"Reception!" interrupted Mr. Brown. "What reception?"

"Why, at Mrs. Black's; we're invited there to a reception on Thursday."

"Am I invited?" asked Mr. Brown with a rueful countenance.

"Of course; it's an evening reception."

"Have I got to go?" he asked, heaving a heavy sigh.

"You haven't got to go," replied Mrs. Brown sternly.

"Bother the receptions!" said Mr. Brown. "Haven't we had about enough of them for a while? They're an awful bore. I'd rather have my head cut off than go to a reception. If sooner stay home all day," he added, not noticing what a dreadfully weak climax he had made for his bloodthirsty sentiment. "But I suppose we've got to go," and Mr. Brown breathed forth another deep martyr-like sigh.

"As I said before, Dan'l, there's no got to go about it. If you don't want to go, very well, we won't go, and that's the end of it." Mrs. Brown closed her lips firmly, while her crimson face and sparkling eyes bespoke the wrath that was smothered within her bosom.

"Well, I suppose we'd better go," said Mr. Brown in a conciliating tone.

Mrs. Brown, however, deigned no reply. As far as outward appearances went, she had become quite composed, withal a little rigid perhaps, and presently was talking with Caroline of some new gowns, a new livery for James, and of several other things totally irrelevant to Mr. Brown's remarks. Mr. Brown retired behind his morning paper, and you may be sure he did not again mention the invitation for Thursday.

Mrs. Brown and her daughter still lingered at the table after Mr. Brown had departed for the scene of his soapy interests. The bang of the front door was no sooner heard, than the conversation abruptly changed.

"I declare, Caroline," broke forth Mrs. Brown, "your father is at times the most aggravating man! You'd think, to hear him talk, that we just dragged him out to companies. He's the queerest man in the world about such things; he always makes out that he doesn't want to go out of an evening, when I know all the time he likes to go. I really believe he enjoys it more than I do, only he won't own up to it. These men always pretend it's the women that want to do the going; but the men are every bit as anxious to go. I'm sure they wouldn't stay at home for worlds. Don't you know, it was just so at the Smith's ball last month; Dan'l hemmed and hawed about it when the invitation came, but when the night came he was possessed to go. I really didn't want to go myself that night; you remember Mme. Maglarte disappointed me in my dress, but nothing would do but we must go, so go we did."

They had risen from the table and strolled into the parlor. Miss Caroline seated herself at the piano and began picking out a popular waltz. Mrs. Brown looked out at the window and remarked that James had again forgotten to put the lawn sprinkler out.

"He wants me to urge him to go," continued Mrs. Brown, as though James were the culprit. "When Thursday night comes you'll see he'll be crazy to go. But mark my words, I'm not going to do any urging this time. If Dan'l expects I'm always going to truckle to him in these matters, he's mightily mistaken. I've about made up my mind not to go to that reception," and Mrs. Brown resolutely stifled all thoughts of that new black velvet gown upstairs which had never been worn.

The music ceased suddenly, and Caroline wheeled about on the piano stool.

"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed in a tone that should have rent the heart of the stontest matron, "Why, it is going to be the swellest affair this season."

"No, I shall not go," Mrs. Brown answered calmly, her face wearing an expression as firm as that presented by the rock of Gibraltar. "Not even if Dan begs me to—not if he should get down on his knees and beseech me to go! I am determined to punish him this time."

The week went by; the household affairs of the Browns ran in their accustomed groove. Mr. Brown dined regularly, with a good appetite, and talked to his wife of soap, but no word was said of Mrs. Black's reception.

Thursday night, dinner was half over when Mr. Brown remarked casually, "Let's see, is this the night we go out, Sarah?"

"Go out?" said Mrs. Brown, calmly.

"Yes," said Mr. Brown,

"Go out where?" asked Mrs. Brown in blank amazement.

"Why, isn't this evening for Mrs. Black's reception?"

"This is the evening for Mrs. Black's reception, but you know we were not going."

"Not going!" said Mr. Brown in surprise.

"Why, no, you recollect you said you didn't care to go."

"Didn't care to go!" Oh the fine sarcasm of Mrs. Brown! Hadn't her husband said he would rather cut off his head than go? Didn't he remember it distinctly, the very tones even in which he had said it. His large round face was covered with flaming blushes at the remembrance, and he fidgeted uncomfortably in his chair.

"But don't you and Caroline want to go?" he asked. "I guess I can stand one more."

"No, I think I'd better stay at home tonight. It will probably be a very elegant affair—the house and grounds are just right for a summer entertainment—but, as you say, receptions are tiresome."

Dinner proceeded in a chilly silence, which was not again broken until dessert came on. "On the whole, Sarah, perhaps you'd better get ready and go," ventured Mr. Brown. "You know what a queer stick Black is; it would be very awkward for me if I should meet him down town in the morning and have to explain why we weren't there."

"Oh, you could easily get up an excuse, Dan'l; you're splendid at that at times; and besides, it's very seldom you meet him, isn't it?"

"Or," said Mr. Brown, brightening up with his happy idea, "if you want Caroline to go, and don't feel like going yourself, I could take her up for a little while just as well as not. I don't care a copper about going myself, but it really seems as though some of us ought to go; you know, the Blacks came to our little company."

"No; I had much rather Caroline should stay at home; she's been out too much lately," Mrs. Brown answered, paying no attention to Caroline's wistful look; "and there's no sense in her dragging you up there if you don't care to go."

It was a melancholy little group that sat around the library table after dinner They all read assiduously. Miss Caroline looked somewhat pouty about the lips. Mrs. Brown's mauvaise face was forbidding in the extreme, while poor Dan'l was completely subdued.

"I think I'll go down to the lodge for a little while," said Mr. Brown, at length, trying to speak in an off-hand way, as though he were perfectly at ease: "we have an installation to-night."

There was a slight sinking at Mrs. Brown's heart at this announcement. Since 7 o'clock, though, she was outwardly so firm there had been a little giving way within. She had not read a word in the book she held open before her, her thoughts had been too busily engaged at Mrs. Black's reception. She wondered what Mrs. Appleton Fiske would wear; perhaps the morning papers would not give the toilets; in that case she might never know! The thought of the names in the paper was maddening; she mentally read, among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Brown and Miss Brown. Yes, if her husband once more should urge their going, possibly she might relent and go with him.

But all hope took wing at mention of the lodge. "Oh you're going to install some more high privates, are you?" she snapped out, for she had grown very nervous during the suspense of the last fifteen minutes. "I thought you had an installation just the other night."

"That was an entirely different matter. I can't explain these things to you so you'd understand them."

"No, I suppose not," said Mrs. Brown, wrathfully. "I suppose it was a meeting of the High Cockalorums last week, and to-night it's a meeting of the Lodge of Supreme Perfection and Sublime Completion, isn't it?"

"It is a meeting of the Supreme Council, if that is what you mean, Sarah," replied Mr. Brown with much dignity, as he stalked out of the room.

The glories of the reception also flitted through Mr. Brown's head while he shaved. How sincerely he wished he had never uttered that unhappy remark about cutting off his head. As he took out from their cases his gaudy masonic jewels—gold serpents and triangles writhing in inextricable confusion around skulls and crossbones—the picture of Right Worthy Brother Doolittle delivering the installation speech arose before him, and he wondered if the speech would be of the usual dreary length. A sudden and strange impulse here seized Mr. Brown, for the precious jewels were thrust back into the cases unceremoniously. The razor was taken out and used for a second time, great care being taken that not a single hair should escape it. When his toilet had been accomplished Mr. Brown went down stairs cautiously, as though he did not want to meet any one by the way, and was quickly in the street.

"There goes your father," said Mrs. Brown, as she heard the click of the lock. "It is too bad that you couldn't go to-night, but I did want to teach your father a lesson."

"Mother!" exclaimed Caroline, a moment later, "I have a scheme. Why couldn't you and I get ready and go now?"

"And let Dan'l have the laugh on us!"

"Father needn't know a word about it; we could easily get back before he comes home; he is never back from those meetings before 11."

"Well," hesitated Mrs. Brown, "I don't care much about going myself, but I should like to have you go, Caroline. Well, go and get ready, and we'll go. We'll have to come back early, though. I wouldn't have Dan'l know we had gone for the world! We won't have James take us; he might say something about it to your father in the morning."

"Now, be sure you don't let the cat out of the bag, Caroline," Mrs. Brown was saying, while she and her daughter were making their way through the crowd of servants and house-maids that choked the entrance to the canvas passageway and hung on the iron pickets of the fence, drinking in the colored lanterns and the gay group on the lawn. The reception was at its zenith when the Browns arrived. Mrs. Black was so glad Mrs. Brown had come—had almost given up seeing her—and dear Caroline too! How good of them to come!

Every one was there, and often and often during the evening had Mrs. Brown occasion to congratulate herself that she and Caroline had not missed this, the swellest event of the season. Mrs. Brown's enjoyment would have been without a flaw had there not been the slightest possible pricking at her conscience, when she thought of Dan'l at the lodge, but more than once had she to still the fusty little monitor with "It was his own fault; he shouldn't have driven me to it." Let us hope that the nagging little voice was silenced before long, for Mrs. Brown's pleasure was to be short, at best.

It was toward the latter part of the evening that Miss Caroline had come to stand beside her mother to listen to Signor Torano's performance on the piano. Her eyes were fixed on the hands of the swarthy little Italian as they jumbled their way up the key board, sounding forth tremendous crashes of music, and then gingerly picked their way back again, producing an infinite variety of little trills and quavers most delightful to hear. Mrs. Brown's ears drank in the melody, but her eyes wanered over the guests, now alighting on Mrs. Appleton Fiske's train, now on Mrs. Amory's solitaires, and then on—

"Caroline," gasped Mrs. Brown in her daughter's ears, "it isn't possible that that's your father over there!"

"Why, that's only Mr. Hackett," answered the startled Caroline. "How you frightened me!"

"Not there," said Mrs. Brown sharply; "over there, talking with Mr. Sampson. I do believe, Caroline, that's your father, just as sure as I stand here!" There was but a moment of irresolution. "We must get away at once and not let him see us." Mrs. Brown's anger was so great that there were tears of vexation in her eyes as she murmured, "O Caroline, I never thought this of your father." Unfortunately Mrs. Lane came up to them, checking the retreat.

Meanwhile, what of that double-dyed sinner Mr. Brown? As we have seen, he had dwelt on the pleasures of the reception until the temptation had become too strong. "Confound it, if she won't go, that's no reason why I shouldn't," had been the argument that had smoothed his path to the Blacks, and there he was enjoying to the full his stolen fruit.

But his joy was not invulnerable against fate. While Signor Torano was charming Caroline and the other guests with his artistic performance, Mr. Brown had shown his indifference to music by taking a position in a distant room, with his back to the Signor, and talking stocks to Mr. Sampson.

"I see your wife has returned from her trip," observed Mr. Sampson at last.

"Oh, yes, a week ago," Mr. Brown answered all unsuspecting of the revelation that was about to be made.

"Your daughter is growing remarkably pretty, Brown, she looks almost as tall as her mother as they stand there by the piano."

Had a bombshell burst in his pocket, Mr. Brown could not have been more startled. He cast one fearful glance behind him, and comprehended his predicament.

"What's the matter, Brown?" asked Mr. Sampson.

"Oh nothing—nothing at all—a nervous headache, I believe. I've been a little overworked of late. Excuse me, Sampson, there goes Hollins, I want to see him about something particular," and Mr. Brown was speedily lost in the throng.

Of course he must get home before his wife, Mr. Brown told himself. The difficulty was to get his coat and hat, for in order to reach the staircase which led to the dressing-room it would be necessary to pass within a few feet of Caroline and her mother. There they had turned their backs to him. He thought he would risk it, but just as he was starting to cross the hall Caroline turned around. "No go," sighed Mr. Brown. "There must be some back way of getting upstairs," and with that he turned into the dining-room, and watching his opportunity, dodged through a door when no one was looking. The door opened on a dimly-lighted entry, and in his hurry Mr. Brown collided at full tilt with a butler, who was carrying some bottles of Appollinaris on a tray in one hand and a tray full of glasses in the other. There was a grand crash and then Mr. Brown found himself on the floor with the bottles, glasses, butler and trays strewn around him promiscuously. His face had been cut in one or two places by the broken glass, and the blood was trickling down his cheeks, while his shirt front was deluged with Apollinaris. A man under these circumstances is naturally disposed to be angry, but before Mr. Brown could sputter out any appropriate interjection, a redeeming aspect of the mishap presented itself, and instead of swearing at the butler for allowing himself to be ran into, Mr. Brown waved all apology aside with a graceful gesture of command.

"No offence, sir. Never mind excuses, my good fellow, but just show me some way to get up to the dressing-room without exhibiting myself."

"Right up them stairs, sir!"

Mr. Brown sped up the stairway accompanied by sundry giggles and hysterical titterings which emerged from the kitchen. Arrived on the next floor, and having the coast clear, he made all haste to get into the dressing-room. He was just in time, for as he closed the door he heard voices on the staircase that were unmistakable. It was Mrs. Brown and Caroline. In the same moment in which he recognized the voices, poor Mr. Brown realized that he was in the wrong room, and his heart sank within him as he looked around in dismay at the white cloaks and delicate wraps that were heaped about the room. He was completely cornered; there was but one door open, and in another instant his wife would enter it. Mr. Brown, however, was in no mood for meeting his wife if he could possibly avoid it. With a quick movement he slid the bolt into its socket. He heard his wife try the door, and presently a maid came to her assistance.

"That door most usually does stick," said the girl; "I'll call John."

For a moment Mr. Brown had felt a great relief at his escape from his wife, but what was he to do next? It was impossible to stand seige in his present quarters. There were the windows! He ran to one and found there was not even a foothold outside of it; and I am afraid this time an interjection did escape him—a most forcible one. Fortune had not entirely deserted him though, for on going to the other window he found that there lay out on a piazza roof. With great presence of mind he went softly back to the door, gently drew the bolt back, and then made a hasty exit through the window, almost at the same moment that his wife entered the room.

Mr. Brown's situation was not a pleasant one, as he soon discovered. There were several other windows opening on the roof of the piazza, but all of them obstinately resisted the utmost endeavors to open them. It was true the piazza roof was only one story from the ground, and there was no one walking on the lawn, for it had begun to sprinkle; but judging from the amout of talking and laughing Mr. Brown heard directly beneath him, the piazza must be well occupied, so a jump was out of the question. He was in no humor for joking, but he could not help wondering what the effect would be if the company below should suddenly see him dangling from the eaves trough. He crouched down in the corner between the bay window, and being in momentary fear that some one would look out of the window and see him, he caused himself much misery by trying to squeeze himself into as small a compass as possible.

There was nothing for him to do but to stay where he was until the piazza was deserted, and there was little of that occurring until the reception was quite at an end. He had thought at first that after his wife had gone, he might be able to get in by the dressing-room window again; but the guests were now beginning to leave, and he knew from the chatter inside that there must be at least a dozen or more women in the room by this time.

Time dragged slowly along. The rain was coming down faster, and what with the chilly atmospher, and his constrained position, Mr. Brown began to feel violent cramps and twinges of rheumatism. His dress coat was too tight to button, but the provided some slight protection from the cold by knotting his white silk handkerchief into a cap and drawing it over his head the first half hour he was comparatively patient, considering the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed. He took out his watch and often examined it by the light from the window to see how the time was passing. After looking he would wait what seemed to him an interminable time before looking again, but it was surprising with what regularity the watch appeared at the end of every five minutes; only once was the interval longer than that, and then it was only eight minutes. "What would Sarah say if she could see me now!" he thought over and over again. At the end of the half, Mr. Brown's patience was rapidly disappearing, and as his temper rose every now and then, he would give vent to a subdued snort of anger. The snorts had to be done with care, of course, the window being so very near.

He changed his position almost constantly, now, but found no relief. Suddenly he discovered in the next yard a group of servant girls huddled together peering at him through the darkness.

"Can't you see it, Hannah?" he heard one of them say, pointing at him. Then another called out in a loud tone as though she wanted to be heard, "I guess we'll call the police." Mr. Brown thought that he was now at the end of his rope. In his desperation he tried the windows once more, and probably because of the strength his fury gave him, succeeded in getting one of them started; another good tug and it was open, and Mr. Brown had disappeared from the servant girls' horizon.

The room, into which he crawled, was perfectly dark save for a little ray of light that struggled through the keyhole. Outside the door there was such a babel of voices that it was evident every one was going.

One is apt to feel a little chilly after sitting on a piazza roof in a dress suit for almost an hour on a drizzling evening, and Mr. Brown found himself no exception to the ordinary rule. The chills that coursed up and down his spinal column were of the coldest kind; the cramps in his knees were something terrible, and as to the racking twinges of rheumatism in his arm—well, Mr. Brown says he shall speak of them with emotion to his dying day. While groping about in the darkness he came in contact with a comfortable sofa, over the foot of which a down comforter was spread, and thinking it would be some minutes before he could safely venture into the hall, Mr. Brown spread himself out on the sofa beneath the comforter. What a mixture of pleasure and pain did he enjoy as the chills chased each other rapidly over his back, while he huddled himself more closely in the warm comforter to stifle them.

In the midst of this delicious warmth Mr. Brown must have dropped off to sleep, for when he opened his eyes, after one of the winks he allowed himself, everything was still, and the light was no longer streaming through the keyhole. How long he had been asleep he did not know, and he shuddered at the thought that some one might have found him there. He made his way into the hall and tried to recollect the bearings of the dressing-room; he must get his hat and coat at any risk. He found the door at last, and was about to enter it when a gentle snore from within arrested him. He remembered then there had been a bed in the room, and probably it was now occupied. No hope of getting his hat and coat now! As quietly as possibly he tip-toed along toward the stairway. All the stories he had ever heard of persons being mistaken for burglars and shot somehow came into his mind, and combined to make him nervous, so that it is no wonder that in his half-awake condition he should make several slight noises. Immediately from one of the rooms came, in trembling feminine accents; "Is that you, Minnie?"

Brown stood still, holding his breath, and tried to keep his teeth from chattering. There was a moment of awful silence; then the voice called out again, in a little higher pitch, that showed the owner was beginning to get frightened: "Minnie, is that you?"

"Yes'm," answered a voice from the bottom of the stairway; "I'm bringin' up the silver."

The great strain Brown had been under to keep perfectly still at the sound of the first voice had been followed by such a reaction, at the sound of the second, that he had hardly strength enough to step through a doorway to conceal himself from this guardian angel with the silver, as she passed through the hall. With many pauses and much heart-beating, Mr. Brown finally reached the bottom of the stairs. While fumbling at the latch to get the door open, he once more heard Mrs. Black's voice: "I'm sure I heard something down stairs!" And then in Mr. Black's gruff tones: "Nonsense, Amelia, you're nervous." Mr. Brown had strong scruples against overhearing conversation not meant for his ear, so he did not think it becoming in him to await the outcome of this argument.

Mrs. Brown and Caroline had been enjoying their beds for above an hour, when they were startled by a great trampling of feet and sound of voices on the front steps. Mrs. Brown at once threw a shawl about her and hastened to the head of the stairs.

"What's the sense in waking everybody up? It's all right, I tell you; it's my house!" she heard exclaimed angrily in Mr. Brown's well-known voice.

"We'll see about it," said another voice; and with that there was a violent pulling at the doorbell.

Mrs. Brown flew down to the door in consternation, not knowing what catastrophe to expect; while at the head of the stairs Miss Caroline in her white nightdress, with her dark ringlets flowing over her shoulders, leaned over the banisters, forming a most charming picture. Mrs. Brown opened the door, and there, in the grey of the early morning, stood Mr. Brown in his dress suit, with the knotted handkerchief still on his head, his pale and agitated countenance made almost ghastly by the blood stains on his forehead and cheek.

"Daniel Spofford Brown," said Mrs. Brown, impressively, "what in the name of common sense has happened?"

"Oh, I see it's right, ma'am," said the policeman. "I found him a-climbin' in of the cellar window. He said he'd forgot his key and didn't want to disturb ye's. It sounded a mite suspicious, but I see it's all right. I beg yer pardon, sir, but I couldn't help it, ye know. Good night, mum."

Mrs. Brown never exclaimed Mrs. Brown, after another careful survey of her husband from top to toe. "I've often heard about riding the goat at those Masonic lodges, but I should say you'd been riding mighty hard, Dan'l, to get in such a plight as this."

"Don't say a word, Sarah, I know I've done wrong, but I've been punished for it. I've been at the lodge, as you know, for I saw you at the reception," said Mr. Brown meekly. "And Sarah, if you don't want me to die of the rheumatism, or the pneumonia, don't stop to ask questions, but just steep up some ginger tea as quick as you can."

What occurred during the curtain conference that night, I am not able to say, but I have it on the best authority that never afterward when an invitation was received, was either head of the family heard to make any remarks about not caring to go. Old Mrs. Brown, on a recent visit to her son, even said that she could not endure him now if it was that Daniel had come to set such store on cavortin' around to companies."

Promiscuous Fun.

Drummer (who has just struck up an acquaintance with hotel guest)—"What house do you travel for?"

Missionary—"The oldest in the country."

Drummer—"What name?"

Missionary—"The house of God.—*Judge.*

Horse-dealer—"Yes, that's a good hoss. He's got only one trick that I'm afraid he'll never be cured of."

Prospective purchaser—"What's that?"

Horse-dealer—"Well, you see he sorter likes to take ahold of a person by the pants and hold 'em up. But you needn't be alarmed, he never does any damage."

Prospective purchaser—"Yes, but you see I'm away from home a good deal, and my wife generally attends to the horse."—*Texas Siftings.*

"Speaking about the artist who painted fruit so naturally that the birds came and pecked at it," said the fat reporter, "I drew a hen that was so true to life that after the sage threw it into the waste basket it laid there."—*Peabody Reporter.*

A French Jubilee.

Paris is making preparations for a special jubilee of her own. A few years hence it will be fifty years since the Bourbons were beaten out of Paris and reached the suburb of St. Germain. The guard of that train is still alive and has strange accounts to give of the journey and of the preparations for it. It seems to have been scarcely such a triumph for France after all. The engine, of course, was English, and the driver and stoker were English too. The engine ran on four wheels, and was a singular contrast to present locomotives, but the first-class carriages were almost of the same pattern as that still in use on the line.

The second-class were open, furnished with curtains to keep off the sun, and beyond the curtains nets were stretched to prevent too curious travellers from losing their balance and their lives. French taste asserted itself in the departments of costume and music. The guards had a uniform of blue and gold buttons, and were supplied with hunting horns. Great importance was attached to the horns, which were to represent the cornets used by the postilions of the mail coaches. For a week before the first journey the guards carefully rehearsed a fanfare, which was to be played with great spirit on the departure and just before the arrival of the train. They have changed many things on French lines in 50 years, and among others have substituted railway whistles for hunting horns.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Tolling the Bell for Grant's Tomb.

The Daniel Drew began last Wednesday night, the custom of tolling her bell as she passes the tomb of Gen. Grant; the Richmond. The idea was suggested to the company by a letter from a passenger, who referred to the usage on the Potomac in passing Mount Vernon. The captain of the Drew relates that several months ago, an English tourist, who was evidently taking notes, inquired of the pilot why the boat's bell was not rung when passing that spot?

"What's the use?" said the solemn-faced humorist at the wheel. "He wouldn't hear it." A stare from the Englishman, and then "By Jove, I'll note that!"

No other boat has yet followed the Drew's example, and the custom is not likely to become general, as the carrying of bells is going out of use, and a whistle would hardly be a suitable substitute.—*N. Y. Sun.*

New Grievance.

Nebraska farmer—These railroads are getting entirely too numerous and impudent, but I'll fix 'em.

Railroad superintendent—Well, what do you propose to do about it?

Nebraska farmer—Why, you see, they run so blamed slow that I have brought suit for damages 'gainst 'em for shadin' the crops.

Berry Good, Indeed.

Wife—"Where are the strawberries, George? The very last thing I said to you this morning was not to forget to bring home a box."

Husband—"Don't get excited, Mary; I've got that box of berries somewhere about me; oh, yes, here it is—in my vest pocket."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Firm Clutch.

"Mr. Featherly," said Bobby, "Sister Clara asked pa last night if you were a young gentleman who keeps the Sabbath."

"I hope, Bobby," replied Featherly, anxiously, "that he told her that I do."

"Yes; he said that you keep everything you get hold of."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Humor.

MR. TRUAX DISCOURAGED,

But All the Same He Got the Best of the Circus Agent.

On the south side of his barn sat Mr. Truax, sunning his bronzed, leathery features. It was a capacious barn, occupying a prominent site on a prominent thoroughfare leading to a prominent town. A light, yellow wagon, drawn by a team of ponies, spun down the road, stopped, and the driver accosted him:

"That barn yours?"

"Sho am," replied Mr. Truax.

"I'm billing the Royal Golden Equescurriculum, Diamond-Studded Hippodrome and Grand Paralyzing Managerie. I'd like to hang a stand of paper on the side of your barn. Can we make an arrangement?"

"We mought," answered Mr. Truax. "What's it wuth?"

"Our terms for a barn like that are two full tickets for head of family."

"Only two, eh?" inquired Mr. Truax, dubiously.

"Only two! Why, do you want the solar system, or just the earth? Seein' it's a pretty fair site for a stand of paper, I'll strain a point and make it three. We are showing some mighty expensive paper this year."

Then the young man jumped out of the wagon, hitched the ponies to the fence, drew on a pair of overalls, unloaded a bucket of paste, a brush, a ladder and a bundle of gorgeous posters. Running briskly up the ladder he deftly swabbed the upper part of the barn, laid on a row of big letters and the head of a hippopotamus with a mouth like a volcanic crater. He then came down to survey his work.

"I reckon, bub," said Mr. Truax, cutting a splinter from a fence rail, "that we kaint dicker for them air three tickets."

"We can't!" exclaimed the circus man with a voice suggestive of considerable rich baritone disgust, "why didn't you say so before I laid on so much paper? That paper costs money, man."

"Yer wuz too suddint fer me," replied Job. "I wuz er chewin' on ther proposishon while yer wuz slappin' on ther pictures. I don't jump at er bizziness deal like er bass at er eut wurrum."

"I don't see how I'm going to get the paper off now," said the youth. "I'll just go ahead and put the body on that hippopotamus, anyway."

"Yer kaint put no hippopotamus's buddy onter my barrun fer no three triffin' circus tickets," declared Mr. Truax doggedly. "Hull fam'ly goes er nuthin.'"

"How big is your family?"

"Ther's me'n Caroline an' nine children. Give me 'leven tickets an' finish off yer hippeptamus."

"Well, I'll have to do it now," sadly assented the manipulator of the paste brush. "But it's a snap I was never in before."

In completing the anatomical design of the bloated specimen of lymphatic amphibia, the youth inadvertently laid the heads of three female gymnasts swinging in mid-air by their teeth. Then he came down for another survey of his work.

"What air yer purpossin' ter do next?" insinuated Mr. Truax.

"Finish the stand of bills."

"Yer kan't finish it with thum wimmin folks without clothes on. This ain't no Garden of Eden."

"But, my dear sir," exclaimed the circus enthusiast, "those female artists are dressed in tights."

"Kain't help it. This air a moral kummunity," insisted Mr. Truax.

"But I agreed to give you eleven tickets for the lot."

"Thum tickets wuz fer puttin' ther buddy on their hippopotamus. Onless yer cum down with tickets for my two son-in-laws an' their four kids, thum wimmen folks dussent go up."

"I'll finish as far as I've gone and then I'll make a bargain with you."

"Yer'll give me seventeen tickets afore you do it."

"All right."

"Yer'll count 'em out now, please."

The youth was at a white heat. He passed over the seventeen bits of pasteboard and commenced packing up his kit with a low growl.

"What's yer goin' ter do now?" inquired Mr. Truax.

"Going to dig back into the white settlements," snarled the paste man. "You want so take advantage of a poor orphan."

"Goin' ter quit, eh, wuth yer bills half up?"

"Yes, sir. You would ruin the whole show."

"My bruther's got er fam'ly o' five. Give me five more ticket, 25 in all an' finish yer job."

"No, sir-ee."

"Kain't sten' it, eh?"

"Not much."

"I'm sorry fer yer, then, bub. "I've got to commence layin' aidin' on ther south side er thet barran termorrer mornin'. Ben threttunen ter do it fer three weeks back."

"And cover up my bills!" howled the young man, "bills that I've paid you in tickets to put up?"

"Well, I hain't goin' ter take 'em down. That paper'll make good warrum sheetin'."

"What kind of style is that doing business?"

"Circus style," replied Mr. Truax with a disagreeable grin.

"You will have to defer siding up that barn for a week," said the youth with white lips. "You must be over ten miles away."

"Make it twenty-two tickets an' I won't," replied Mr. Truax. "Otherwise I will."

With a troubled brow the young man considered the matter. At last he said peruliantly:

"I'll do it, but you'll have to sign a contract. I can't be bothered this way."

The paste man scratched off a document, and passed over the five extra tickets and secured Mr. Truax's signature. Then, after adorning the edifice with the remainder of his mythological art gallery he came down again.

"How does it look?" he inquired

"Gay," replied Mr. Truax. "I believe, after all, instead of sidin' ther old trap I'll move her back. The movers can cum tomorrow better'n enny other day."

"Move her back!" gasped the circus man, "how far back?"

"Bout eighty rod."

"But man, you can't do it, you know. Look at the contract."

"I don't see nothin' agin' my movin' my buildin'. I reads not to side it."

The young man wailed afresh and beat his breast.

"My brother-in-law," continued Mr. Truax, "Benoni Claypool, hez got a thrifty little family—seven, all told. Pass in Benoni's fam'ly and I'll leave the barrun er standin' for er week."

"Twenty-nine deadheads!" sobbed the circus man.

"Bout thet!" assented Mr. Truax.

Sliding seven more tickets into the remorseless paw of Mr. Truax, the young man climbed into his wagon.

"What yer goin'?" inquired old Job.

"S-s-s-sh! don't mention it," he whispered in a hoarse voice. "Let me go and be alone with my grief."

Mr. Truax laid hold of the ponies' heads.

"My freckled friend," he said, with a cold, ticket-or-your-life glitter in his eye, "there's ther school-master boardin' with me. Let me hev two more tickets fer hisself an' gal."

"Why? On what account?"

"On account uv ther goats."

"The goats!"

"Yes; ther's a couple of pesky goats es hangs aroun' this barn an' chews things, grain sacks, buffler robes an' sich. Onct them billies git er taste uv that paste an' thum bills won't be thar by sun down termorrer. Two tickets 'll about pay er buy ter watch 'em."

With a frantic yell the young man threw two yellow pasteboards at the insatiable Moloch of amusements, and lashing his team into a wild lope flew over the hill and away.

Mr. Truax ambled into the kitchen.

"Car'line," he said, wearily.

"What's ther rumpus, Job?"

"Nuther of thum dum circuses is comin' erlong to kerry all ther money out ther kentry. I'm discouraged."—*Dick Steele in New England Homestead.*

Southern Railroad Troubles.

"And we are in another fix!" exclaimed the president of a South Carolina short-line railroad as he entered the office of the secretary.

"What now?"

"We've killed a yoke of oxen on the track."

"No?"

"It's true as you live. If we pay damages we must skip the next dividend. If we give the owner of the cattle an annual pass in settlement, the Inter-state commission will bring us to ruin. Oh, why didn't we stick to the canal business!"—*Wall Street News.*

A NEW AMERICAN DICTIONARY.

Bob Burdette Culls Some of the Most Important Changes that are Made from Webster and Worcester.

Author—A man who scissors the distance tables out of a railway guide, the population of cities from the census, an article on "Volcanoes" from the encyclopædia, the rules of base ball from a newspaper almanac, and then publishes it under the title of "Gems of Thought and Mines of Knowledge." The term was formerly applied to a person who wrote a book; in this sense it is now obsolete.

Beauty, Professional—See Advertising Agency.

Congress—A benevolent association organized for the purpose of supporting the *Congressional Record* and denying whatever may be printed therein. See, also, article on Natural Gas.

Critic—See Manager.

Divorce—See Chicago.

Drought—See Prohibition.

Duel—A fashionable amusement, formerly considered dangerous, but now quite popular among leisure classes on account of its assured harmlessness. It is highly recommended by physicians for all persons who are too weak to play base ball.

Egg—A tribute of respect and admiration. See Lecturer.

Fun—See Boys and "Headache."

Gum, Chewing—A course of study at a girls' school; see also Caramel and Bedstead.

Horse—A complication of strange diseases, that developed immediately after the sale. See "Taken In" and "Honest Farmer."

Independent—One who always takes the other side to show that he can't be influenced.

Judge—A title of honor applied to gentlemen who hold stop watches and have the best seats at horse races; in uncivilized communities sometimes applied to persons who preside at the sessions of courts of justice.

Kicker—A man who never originates anything or suggests anything and opposes everything any one else suggests. See "Mule."

Lady—A female who takes in washing, does kitchen work, or waits on hotel tables.

Major—A citizen of Georgia.

Narcotic—See "sermon."

Onion—A drug for strengthening the breath; much used by confidential people whom you cordially dislike, and who are forever trying to whisper something to you which you do not wish to hear.

Professor—Any one except an instructor in a college or university; usually a horse tamer or dancing master; sometimes a corn doctor.

Quart—A unit of measure applied to the hip pocket in Kansas; a flask which holds about enough for five men in Boston, three in Ohio and one in Arkansas.

Rider—In England, a man who tries to fall off a horse; in New York, a man who does fall off. See also "Bounce" and "Buck."

Talk—A singular sound produced by opening a vacuum; a disease often fatal to Presidential candidates, but not apt to be attacked by any one restrained by their friends. See "Lockjaw."

Umbrella—A myth of the 19th century; a piece of portable property that cannot be held in severaity; something which you have not, or if you have, it is not yours; that which cannot be kept. See also "Thief."

Vanity—The quality by which a man is enabled to lightly ascend the long stairway to the editorial room with a poem.

Wrath—The quality that enables him to go down again in half the time.

Witness—The principal victim in any criminal trial, one who is forbidden by American law to say what he saw or repeat what he heard. See "Browbeat" and "Badger."

X—Something which we do not happen to have about us for a couple of days.

Zodiac—A procession of animals on the cover of the almanac; the interior department on street parade; merely introduced into the almanac as a part of a scheme to enable the letter izzard to make itself useful; nuff zed.—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Boom in Dakota.

"A boom out in Dakoty? A boom in Dakoty? Well, I should say we had," exclaimed a passenger from the west shores of the Missouri. "You never saw anything like it. Things are just whooping. New

Recent Literature.

A very pleasant and entertaining volume is that by J. B. Bouton, and published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, entitled "Roundabout to Moscow. An Epicurean Journey." The writer and his wife make a trip through France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany and finally to Russia. A large portion of the volume is devoted to the latter country, and those people who have been adcustomed to look upon it as a half barbarous place, the people struggling against the worst kind of tyranny, ignorant, degraded and irreligious will be astonished to find the estimate placed upon them by this writer, who, as he says, tried to put aside the prejudices engendered by English books and newspaper writings. The volume is worth reading if for no other purpose than to see another side to the picture usually presented to our view.

"The Propagation of Plants," by Andrew S. Fuller, published by the O. Judd company, New York, has the following general character and purpose as set forth in the title pages: "The Ppropagation of Plants, Giving the Principles which Govern the Development and Growth of Plants, their Botanical Affinities and Peculiar Properties; also Descriptions of the Process by which Varieties and Species are Crossed or Hybridized, and many Different Methods by which Plants may be Propagated and Multiplied." Mr. Fuller is the author of several books on the cultivation of fruit trees, forest trees, grapes, etc., and in the present volume gives the results of several years' study and experimenting in the propagation of plants. The work is well illustrated and should be of practical value to orchardists, gardeners and others.

"Episodes in a Life of Adventure, or Moss from a Rolling Stone," by Lawrence Oliphant, is published by Harper & Brothers, New York. It is a very pleasant account of journeyings in different parts of the world, written in an easy, running style that is exceedingly attractive. There is also much of interest and instruction in these pages, and the time devoted to their reading will be well pent. In the closing chapter, the author gives a hint of studies and their results, which he half promises to give to the public at some future time. If written as pleasantly as the volume before us it will be welcome.

From the same house comes "The Russian Church and Russian Dissent" by Albert F. Heard, who was formeral consul general for Russia at Shanghai. He has given a consecutive account of the Orthodox church of that country, beginning with its origin and history, then investigating its present condition and that of its clergy, tracing the causes of the schism in the 17th century, and finally examining the innumerable sects that sprang up in consequence of that movement. He shows the intense religious devotion of the people which he declares in their strongest and most general characteristic. He also declares them to be in the mass, intensely loyal to the czar. The volume is a timely and interesting one, and will help to give a better understanding of Russia and the Russians.

"For the Sins of His Youth," by Mrs. Jane Kavanagh, is published by G. W. Dillingham, New York. It is a very well told story of evil done in earlier life, with the retribution which followed later. It will make good reading for a leisure summer hour.

Literary Notes.

Bret Harte's new story "The Crusade of the Excellent," will be brought out immediately in book form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Martin F. Tupper, author of *Proverbial Philosophy*, who will be seventy-seven in July, is reported as quite broken down in health.

Ticknor's paper series is just the thing for summer reading. Last week the story was "A Reverend Idol." This week it is "A Nameless Nobleman."

Mr. Besant has told the story of his literary partnership with James Rice, in a preface prepared for the forthcoming library edition of their novels.

It is said that Walt Whitman's total receipts last year amounted to $1,600, and yet he knows more in a minute than many of the new rich will ever know.

Miss Jeanette L. Gilder, of the *Critic*, and Miss Helen Gray Cone is preparing a two-volume work, entitled "Pen Portraits of Literary Women." Cassell & Co. will publish.

A new volume of the unpublished works of Victor Hugo is announced in Paris. It is entitled "Choses Vue," and is in the nature of special reporting of notable events.

Mrs. Pfeifer's new volume, *Women and Work*, being an inquiry into the effect of their higher education and intellectual effort upon health, will soon be ready for publication.

Thomas Nast is said to be collecting for issue, in book form, many of the cartoons originally contributed by him to *Harper's Weekly*. The first volume will be a Christmas holiday book, to be issued this fall.

The Princess Olga has been at work on a narrative based on the revolution in Russia in 1881. The title of the work is "Radna," a tragedy, in which, it is understood the characters are all celebrated people.

Rev. Robert Collyer has in hand a volume of "Lectures to Young Men" with asides to young women, which he hopes to have completed before setting out on his summer vacation, which he will spend in California.

Mr. Arlo Bates, the Boston journalist, has written a new story which he has entitled "A Lad's Love." The scene is laid at Campobello, on the New Brunswick coast. Roberts Brothers are about to publish the book.

Mark Twain's interest in "English as she is Taught," seems to have misled many journals that pick up facts with soapy fingers, referring in an off-hand way to him as the author, and the work as Mark Twain's latest *jeu d'esprit*.

Elizabeth Southgate was a charming New England girl who married at the beginning of this century Mr. Brown, a young gentleman of New York. She was an observant damsel and the writer of letters in which her observations were presented in a graceful and readable way. These personal letters, describing the society of her time, have been preserved by her descendants, and selections from them will be printed in the July *Scribner*.

A Victim of Misplaced Confidence.

He was an agent for a step ladder. Not an ordinary step ladder, but a combination, convertible, economical, universally utilized step ladder. He greeted the lady of the house at a White street residence, the other afternoon with a winning smile, as she opened the door in response to his knock, and proceeded at once to expatiate and illustrate the many advantages of his step ladder. Every step ladder agent knows it was just what every model housekeeper could not possibly do without; that fact my intelligent woman could see at a glance. It could be used in cases where every other step ladder could not; an attachment here made it a most comfortable chair for a grown person, another attachment converted it into a high chair, and still by other combinations it could be made into an ironing table, a cradle, a drawing-room whatnot, or a garden wheelbarrow. And then it was indestructible, and would last a family a lifetime. Why, it would bear the weight of four men. That was where the agent made a most contemptible mistake in his life. To prove its strength he gave a spring in the air and sat down on top of it hard. That is, he meant to. For as he landed, there was a terrific crash, and the air was filled with flying bits of wood that made the lady of the house think of the time that she was in the coal cellar when a load of kindling wood was dumped in the cellar. Then there was a dull, sickening thud as the agent landed flat on his back on the piazza. She laughed as he slowly crawled from beneath the wreck and gazed ruefully about for a moment. Then he said: "You can use it for kindling wood," and walked sorrowfully away.

Those Poor Students.

Mrs. De Jones—I understand your son is quite sick at college, Mrs. Smythe?

Mrs. Smythe—Yes. Poor John! The president writes me that he entered into his work with too much ardor, and he has broken down.

Mrs. De Jones—What seems to be the nature of the trouble?

Mrs. Smythe—He was hit on the head by a foul ball, I believe they call it.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Thomas Carlyle.

the great Scotch author, suffered all his life with dyspepsia which made his own life miserable and caused his best and truest friends not a little pain because of his fretfulness. Dyspepsia generally arises from disease of the liver and as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all diseases of this great gland, it follows that while all cannot be Carlyles, even with dyspepsia, all can be free from the malady, while emulating his virtues.

TWO IN A HAMMOCK.

What a Camper-Out Overheard While Dozing Under a Tree.

Given a few susceptible young men and a few susceptible young women in camp, and they require the most careful chaperoning. There are young girls so solid and modest that under all circumstances they remain cold as ice and chaste as Diana. But I will give you a few scenes from my trip which will illustrate my meaning.

It was high noon in the woods. Some of the men had gone fishing, some to look out for dry logs for the evening campfire, and some to hook trout for dinner. Being neither angler nor hunter, I strolled away for a solitary pipe and a rest *sub tegmine fagi*.

To speak poetically, at the foot of a noble pine I cast my listless length; lit my pipe, and with the hum of the forest insects about me composed myself for a midday nap. A few yards away was a hammock, temptingly slung between two laurel trees, but I preferred the ground. I closed my eyes and drifted peacefully into shadowland. Oddly enough, my last waking thought was of Tennyson's "Two Voices," and I had not been napping more than ten minutes when I was disturbed by two voices, one a fine, rich baritone, the other a musical soprano:

Baritone.—"And then he said, 'No, I don't care for her one bit, and I never did care for her, and if she thought so she was a confounded fool, that's all.'"

Soprano.—"Oh, how horrid! How awful to treat the poor girl that way. And you say that for months he went right along making her believe that he was really fond of her."

B.—"Of course he did, and every one thought they were engaged."

S.—"What a shame! Poor girl, how awfully cut up she must have been! Don't you know, Mr. Mush, I think you men are horrid. You will go on saying all sorts of sweet things to a poor girl, trying to make her fond of you, and all the time you don't care one bit about her."

B. (tenderly)—Not all men, Miss Gush. There are exceptions." (Here I peeped from behind the trunk of my pine and noticed that the wretch snuggled up to her.)

S. (decisively)—"I think so. I know *I* never cast one yet."

B.—"What, nev—. Excuse me, you have, Miss Gush; I am one. I have never yet indulged in a flirtation; never told a girl I liked her; never lost my heart until —until—I came on this camping party."

S. (coquettishly)—"And who has found it? P'shaw, don't believe a word you say. That is the old story. You have a regular formula. I suppose you talk that way to every girl you meet."

(Here I hesitated as to whether I should give a warning ahem! or not, but I dishonorably yielded to the temptation to be silent and see something more of what promised to be a first-class love scene.)

B.—"Miss Gush, I swear to you that you are the only girl I ever cared to spend an hour alone with. You must have noticed my preference for your society. There is something about you that draws me irresistibly to your side."

S.—"Nonsense! You have been reading novels, Mr. Mush, and you committed that sentence to memory. Oh! I am so tired. Do let us go back to camp."

B.—"No, no. Not just yet. They are cleaning up and fixing for lunch. Let us stay here for a little time. By the way, what do you think of that Mr. Paul Mrs. Mab invited from the city?"

S.—"I don't like him a bit. I think he is a sour, crusty old thing, and did you notice how he eats? Good gracious! he devoured an entire chicken at breakfast, and did not leave a morsel for us girls." (Here was the old adage about listeners. I would not have coughed now if every bark were worth a five-dollar piece.)

B.—"Yes, I must allow he is rather hoggish (the beast!); grunts at his food, too, and makes a noise like a horse when he drinks. Besides, I think he was under the influence of liquor the first day he came up. Didn't you think so?"

S.—"Under the influence of liquor, indeed! Why the man was positively drunk, and under her father said so, too!"

B.—"Shocking! Hello! here is a hammock. Now, my dear Miss Gush, you can take a nice rest. Get in, I'll help you."

S. (coquettishly)—"You must not call me your dear Miss Gush, Mr. I can't get in that hammock. It is too high. Besides, I dare not get in while you are looking."

B.—"Then I'll turn away. Oh, nonsense, you can't get in without me. Here you are. See, this edge is close to the ground. One, two, three, and away we go. Hoop-la! there you are. You see it was not so difficult after all."

(For my part I observed that the lady's stockings were white barred with red. I also noticed that she affected a poor quality of lace on her lingerie.)

S.—"Do you know this is very comfortable? But where will you sit?"

B.—"I'll rest just here at the foot of the hammock. I can't be in your way."

S.—"But it will not hold both of us. Oh, oh, be careful, I am sure you will break it down."

B.—"No fear, the ropes are new and strong. There, you see, now we are quite comfortable."

S.—"What were we talking about? Oh, Mr. Paul; how long do you think he will stay with us?"

B.—"A week, I believe. Horrid bore he is, to be sure—does nothing all day, and expects every one to wait on him."

S.—"Mr. Mush, you are crowding me. Do take your hand from under my head. You mustn't kiss me (smack). Now I am angry. Please let me get out. Good gracious, what would any one say if they saw us here?"

B.—"Miss Gush—Birdie—I am awfully fond of you. Don't get out. See, I will sit at the end again, and I swear I won't kiss you any more. But I couldn't help it; your lips look so red—tempting."

S.—"Let go my hand, Mr. Mush. There, now, I will get out. Well, then, if you stay where you were, I won't, because I am awfully tired, and this hammock is so comfortable. Let me see; what were we talking about when your rudeness interrupted us? Oh, that Paul. Let us play him a trick. Couldn't you boys frighten him to-night in some way? Annoy him so that he will go back to town——. Sit up, Mr. Mush. If you insist on lying down in this fashion I will get out at once. Let go my hand. You mustn't squeeze my hand (smack). Now I am mad. I will get up. Give me room, please."

B.—"I pledge you my word of honor it will not occur again. I swear I did not mean it this time. It was an accident. My head slipped."

S. (laughing)—"You are an awful case. Don't you know I am beginning to be quite afraid of you. Now, if you don't let go of my hand I will never speak to you again. Let it go, I say."

"There, there; oh, about Paul. I'll fix him. I'll put a dead snake in his bed. I know he hates snakes."

S.—"Why not put a live one, or a lizard? (the minx), or if you could get one of those black spiders to bite him! That would send him off at the double quick, I bet! Don't touch my cheeks that way, Mr. Mush; you promised you would keep your hands to yourself."

B.—"Now, if you give me just one kiss of your own free will, I promise you I won't; Do now; won't you?"

S. (hysterically)—"Kiss a gentleman? I never kissed a man in my life! I couldn't think of such a thing! Stop, Mr. Mush, I will not have you take such liberties. I will scream now if you try to kiss me!" (Smack, smack).

From behind the pine—"Ahem, ahem, ahem!"

S.—"Oh, good gracious! who is that?"

B.—"Blessed if I know; but I'll find out." (Scrambles out of hammock and falls on his nose, to my intense delight.)

"Great heavens! This is awful!" (Attempts to jump, hammock takes a back swing, and then there is another wonderful display of stockings and lingerie.)

"I hope I have not startled you, Miss Gush," I said politely. "I strolled away from camp for a nap under this tree about half an hour ago, and I am afraid I caught a slight cold. Did you bruise yourself, Mr. Mush? Those hammocks are ticklish to climb in and out of unless one is used to them. And you, Miss Gush, you had quite a fall, too. I can never forgive myself for being the involuntary and, I assure you, self reproachful cause of your accident."

Their embarrassment was delicious. My revenge was sweet. Mush was sulky, but the lady, with more diplomacy, was as sweet as cherries.

"Had you been long asleep, Mr. Paul?" she said, with a most engaging smile.

"Half asleep and half awake," I said, "I heard voices, and I think my name mentioned."

This was a splendid, if a cruel, shot. She blushed deeply and looked at me so penitently that I melted.

"Never mind," I whispered, "I heard all you said, and I forgive you. But don't you think it is rather imprudent to take walks alone in this wood with young men so impetuous as my friend Mr. Mush? I wouldn't if I was you."

"I hate him," she said, bitterly. "He is as stupid as an owl, and the way he paws one to death is simply awful all over. (Poor Mush.) I like to talk to people who know something, but, my dear Mr. Paul, you wandered away from camp, and we did not know what had become of you. I started off to look for you when that odious Mr. Mush joined me, and I could not get rid of him. Do come now and we will have a nice lunch. Don't you find the woods give one an appetite?"

"A fine appetite, Miss Gush. I feel as if I could devour an entire chicken. Never mind, now, I heard all you said about me, but if you are very attentive to me during the rest of my visit, and snub Mush, I'll forget all about it."

And she was.—*Sacramento Bee.*

A QUEER FANCY.

Men Who Wander All Over the World, Yet Ignorant of Their Own Country.

There are no people at home who know so much about the great places of interest in London as do Americans. It is a curious fact, and one as pitiable as it is curious, that but few Englishmen, as you meet them, have ever been inside the Tower of London or the British Museum. I remember not long ago speaking to a gentleman from San Francisco on this very subject, and the apparent lack of interest which English people display in regard to their own country. They wander all over the globe, from the North Pole to the Antarctic Continent, in search of sight and wonders, and never once dream of investigating anything at home, either before they go or after they get back. He said:

"Do you know, the same idea has struck me very forcibly. If you will pardon my saying so, I never met a people of any country, and I have traveled considerably, who were so ignorant of their native land and all that makes it of interest to the foreigner. While they go rambling about the world for recreation and can tell you much about things worth seeing in other places, they know positively nothing about England. Ask 'em, and see. When abroad they penetrate the jungles of India, cross the deserts of Egypt and South Africa, climb the mountains of Switzerland and rough it on the plains of the far West, but when at home they live the lives of stereotyped gentlement, content to pass their days in their clubs or in their country houses, doing the same thing every day from one year's end to the other, and caring for nothing but their own immediate prsonal surroundings. They play tennis and cricket in summer, go to a few horse races, because it is the fashion; shoot grouse, partridges and pheasants in autumn, and hunt foxes in winter. Beyond these things they care not a button for anything. Curiously enough, they don't realize it in themselves, though sharp enough to detect the same defect in others. One of the men I refer to asked me the other day something about the Yosemite Valley.

"'I have never been there,' I told him.

"He let his glass drop out of his eye, so great was the elevation of his eyebrows, as he held up his hands in amazement.

"'What! By Jove!' he exclaimed. 'Fancy never seeing the Yosemite Valley, and you've lived in 'Frisco (all Englishmen call it 'Frisco) how many years?'

"'Over twenty. You see, I could go any day. We think nothing of a hundred or two miles in California.'

"'Why, man alive, I went six thousand miles there, and six thousand miles back again, don't you know, to see the Yosemite myself.' He looked very proud of himself as he said this.

"'Look here,' said I after a minute, to let him enjoy his self-complacency, 'have you ever seen Stonehenge?'

"'What? N-no.'

"'Or the Giant's Causeway?'

"'No.'

"'Or Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon?'

"'N-no'

"'Or Hampton Oourt, or the Tower?'

"'N-no.'

"'Then you mustn't talk to me about never going to the Yosemite. The Tower is about three miles from here. I've been there half a dozen times already, but I don't mind going again. Let's jump into a hansom and drive there now.'

"He looked thunderstruck. 'The Tower,' he said; 'isn't that the place the Arries go to on a Bank Holiday? Not to-day, please; I've an engagement to drive with a chap in the park. Ta-ta.'

"That's pretty much the way with all of them."—*London Letter.*

What Does It Mean?

"Father, what does it mean to be a drunkard? Maggie Gray said you were a drunkard, and her father said so, too?"

Had a bombshell exploded at the feet of Mr. Weston he could not have been more surprised. He stood mute, and one might have heard a pin drop so silent were they all. But Katie, nothing daunted, after waiting what she considered a proper length of time, repeated the question, and it was answered:

"A man who drinks liquor, and makes a great beast of himself."

"Is that what you do, father?"

"It is what I have done sometimes," he replied in a choked voice.

"It's bad, ain't it?"

"Yes, child, the very worst thing a man can do."

"And that's what makes mother cry when there don't anything hurt her? And that's why I have to wear such dreadful old shoes?"

Only one word in reply to this:

"Yes."

"Then I should think you'd not do so any more, 'cause mother's good, and I don't like to wear old shoes a bit! You won't be a drunkard any more, will you?" said Katie, and she looked up to her father so confidingly that he caught her up in his arms and hid his face on her shoulder.

"Say, father, you won't, will you?"

"No, darling, I won't," and raising his right hand he promised never to drink another drop of intoxicating liquor, "God helping," he added reverently. "Bless you, my darling; you have saved me!"

Then there were tears, and sobs and broken ejaculations, all for very joy, while supper was forgotten. It made no difference whether the potatoes were cold or not, but when a few days after she became the possessor of some long boots with red laces and tassels, she had a better appreciation of the change which had taken place.

Since then she has often received beautiful gifts and always she remembers with grateful heart that her father is not a drunkard.

SLAVES IN MEXICO.

Bondage in Which the Peons are Held by Fraudulent Masters.

A good deal has been told and written of the cruelties in subterranean Siberia, but I very much doubt if the situation of any convict chained in an underground gallery is nearly as appalling as that of hundreds and hundreds of the Mexican peon slaves toiling within a day's journey of the land of the free. I do not say that this is true of all mines; at many of them, and particularly those owned by American and English companies, the management is humane and admirable in every particular, but it is true of some. In these it is no unusual thing for a peon to be murdered by some cruel taskmaster, in plain sight of his wife, who works by his side, hears his dying shriek and knows powerless even to raise her hand to save. This is no fancy picture, but a dreadful and repeated reality. It is surprising how little of this is known, but it is surprising how little is known in general of interior Mexico. There are thousands of square miles where peonage is a sacred institution that no foreigner has ever had a curiosity as a hippogriff or a unicorn would be. There whole families are wearily grinding away at debts they had no more to do with than the deluge. Some ancestor they never saw or heard of drank too much mescal one day, or lost a few dollars at monte or was tempted to buy a gilded sombrero on credit, and the mischief was done. That they live in the darkest sort of ignorance and misery goes without saying, else some fine morning they would simply quit being peons and all the powers that be, at least in Mexico, could not re-establish the old regime.—*Inter-Mountain.*

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable home cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

What Students Should Eat.

The opinion prevailing that students should eat but little is utterly false, and has done harm, as no growing boy can afford to be underfed. On the other hand, they must not gluttonize with all kinds of bad food. The home boxes frequently do more harm than the boarding school meagre fare. The following is a dietary of one of our better boarding schools:

Breakfast—Oatmeal, with an abundance of milk, bread and butter, a little meat or eggs, hard boiled.

Lunch—Fruit, rolls, buns, Albert biscuits, milk, panned oysters in season, or sardines.

Dinner—This meal should be served after study hours, and should consist of at least four courses: a light soup, two kinds of meat, potatoes and another vegetable, a salad with crackers and cheese, and a plain nourishing pudding. If the dinner is served earlier than 5 o'clock we would suggest a wafer with a tumbler of milk at 8. As all boys require fat, and universally dislike fat meat, leaving it on their plates, it is well to give them light suet puddings or similar dishes, with fats nicely blended throughout.—*Table Talk.*

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SOUR MASH AND POETRY.

An Evanston Gentleman Answers Bob Ingersoll's Praise of Whisky.

Bob Ingersoll's now famous sour mash prose poem has evoked a spicy retort from an Evanston friend, which is published in the New York *Sun*:

My DEAR COLONEL:—You remember, I presume, once sending your friend a jug of chronic whisky bearing this label of praise to his enemy:

"I send you some of the most wonderfu whisky that ever drove a skeleton from the feast or painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is the mingled souls of wheat and corn. In it you will find the sunshine and the shadow that chased each other over the billowy fields, the breath of June, the carol of the lark, the dews of night, the wealth of summer, and autumn's rich content, all golden with imprisoned light. Drink it, and you will hear the voice of men and maidens singing the "Harvest Home," mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it, and you will feel within your blood the starlit dawns, the dreamy, tawny dusks of many perfect days. For 40 years this liquid joy has been within the happy staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of man."

Of course, Colonel, you will be glad to earn how it and he took to each other.

Well, believing you, he drank of that jug till "the skeleton it drove from the feast" came and sat its ugly profile on his hearthstone—drank till the landscapes in blossom on the walls of his home he pilfered and pawned to paint your arid "landscapes in his brain." It was "the mingled souls of wheat and corn," you told him; but ere he half finished it stole away the last reluctant kernel garnered for grateful children. And it conjured "the mingled souls" of evil-doing and pauper-living to drive out the radiant spirits of manhood and plenteous life.

Still he hoped, for you told him he'd find in it sunshine; yet in it he found only raven shadows, each flapping wings blacker that its elder fellow—shadows that chased each other with buzzard greed, for both carcass and the immortal, and chased their victim out of the great armchair of rich content up to the rough pine stool in the dismal garret, while close beside him they chased into that mangy shelter the last of one loving woman with the broken soul, her fever-pinched young John and little starveling Mary. Too, be found, your "happy June, breath of June, the carol of the lark, and the dews of night that kiss the coming corn, but the stark-mad blast of December, the bark of the wolf at his door, and the mouldering damps of the night of despair!

Then you sang to him of the wealth of summer and autumn's rich content that should twine the neck of your Bourbon chalice, but it twined for him a barren summer to an angry winter and rags that knit themselves together in "imprisoned" darkness.

Yet the friend of your fascinating enmity drank on till, down in the festering cellar and the crawling sawdust, he loafed and listened for your "Harvest Home," but heard only brutal men and maidens devilish utter maudlin blasphemy of the Master, and caught the melody of their shame in brace of unclean song. Why, sir, he drank till the heavenly laughter of little children round his knee died away into restless moaning—died into the dying child's whispered wail for bread!

Drank? Yea, fast and deep he drank your dreamy potion off, till deep and fast within his blood he felt, never one star-led dawn, but forever a life eclipsed, the sun of the future always setting, sinking through the tawny dusks of the clouded mind toward that midnight which foretells no day, into the final gloom of the drunkard—the damnation that's endless in its desolation!

There, declining foe, you'll find your friend, and the days of his homage to your deformed genius being spent, he'll gather courage to say: "Colonel Ingersoll, if from out thy earthen cask had crept unto me one liquid joy, it is that here I look upon its giver eternally kennelled beside the offspring of his gift, thy soul a weary, wrecked, and speechless messmate at the feast of thy betrayed—the host that worshiped thee and the 'feast' whence the 'skeleton' shall never depart!"

Sir Robert, in ungrateful beguilement of many unstable souls and the crush of sweet comes only soberness can build, none—no, not one—hath so mustered in the irrevocable frosty as hast thou in thy stanza of prose accrediting with life the death-begetting sweat of the still

SPIRITUALISM A DELUSION.

The Seybert Commission, After an Investigation of Three Years, Denounces It as a Fraud.

Modern Spiritualism, with all its alleged attendant phenomena, has probably received its death blow at the hands of the Seybert commission, in Philadelphia. For over three years investigation has been in progress, and notwithstanding all that was developed at seances held with all the best mediumistic ability available during that time, not one test hat been accomplished that was not easily explained by members of the commission and the fraud practiced detected. After the mediums failed in their attempts, Magician Kellar was called in, and he performed all that the mediums had done and in better shape. The prestidigitateur disclaimed any ability as a spiritualistic medium, and plainly showed that the spirits had nothing to do with his marvelous tricks.

The remarkable work of the Commission was the idea of the late Henry Seybert, who was one of Philadelphia's wealthiest citizens. Years ago he was an ardent investigator into all manner of spiritual phenomena, and finally became a convert to the new creed. Mediumistic charlatans found him an easy and profitable prey. Mr. Seybert died early in 1884. Shortly before his death he presented to the University of Pennsylvania the sum of $60,000 to found a chair of philosophy, but imposed as a condition of acceptance that the university should appoint a commission to investigate the system of spiritualism. The trust was assumed, and the following were appointed: Horace Howard Furness, Prof. William Pepper, Dr. Joseph Leidy, Robert Ellis Thompson, Prof. George A. Koenig, Rev. George E. Fullerton, Col. Ewan Swing, Dr. James W. White, Dr. Calvin B. Knew, and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

Mediums from all parts of the country were invited to make displays of their powers. Those who accepted were handsomely paid for their services, Slade receiving $300 a seance. Materializing, rapping, slate-writing and physical manifestations were all privately examined to see if could repeat. Among the professionals tested were Mrs. S. E. Patterson, Fred. Briggs, Mrs. Margaret Fox Kane, Henry Slade, Mrs. Maude E. Lord, Pierre L. O. A. Keeler, Dr. Rothermel, Mr. Powell, Mrs. M. E. Thayer, Mrs. Best, Mr. Copeland, Mrs. Wells, Dr. James V. Mansfield, R. W. Flint, Mrs. Dr. Eleanor Martin and Mrs. Eliza A. Martin. Not of of them succeeded in doing anything of a remarkable nature or without fraud. Relative to messages on slates from the spirits, the commission decision that "in every case trickery and legerdemain had been practiced. Spirit-rappings were produced by methods an amateur juggler would blush to adopt. The commission denounces spiritualism as a melancholy spectacle of gross fraud.

Vigor and Vitality

Are quickly given to every part of the body by Hood's Sarsaparilla. That tired feeling is entirely overcome. The blood is purified, enriched and vitalized, and carries health instead of disease to every organ. The stomach is toned and strengthened, the appetite restored. The kidneys and liver are roused and invigorated. The brain is refreshed, the mind made clear and ready for work. Try it.

He Was Disappointed.

Hotel clerk—Well, how do you like New York?

Western guest—Too slow.

Hotel clerk—Too slow! Merciful heavens! What did you expect to see here?

Western Guest—A lynching every ten minutes. I was informed that this was a humping town. I tell you, stranger, I'm disappointed. You just want to come West if you want to see civilization at its height.

One Great Merit

Of that Beautifier of the Teeth, SOZODONT, is that its effect upon the mouth is refreshing, while as a means of cleansing the teeth, and improving the breath, it stands alone.

She Knows How It Is.

"Gaze upon that pure, beautiful evening star, and swear to be true while its light shall shine!" said Lovel. Swear by Venus!" exclaimed a youth in impassioned accents. "How stupid you are!" answered the Vassar girl. "That is not Venus. The right ascension of Venus this month is 15h. 9m.; her declination is 17 deg. 25 min. south, and her diameter 10.2."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

If there is any one person more than another who has to suffer from unkind and untruthful statements concerning her personality and its belongings, it is the so-called society girl, meaning the young lady of leisure who apparently does nothing but enjoy herself in continuous merry-making. According to these declarations, she not only leads an idle, useless, and utterly selfish life, but also does the most absurd and unreasonable things. A writer in a leading newspaper declares that she "sleeps in corsets with twice the number of steels that are in those worn during the day." She also covers her face with a mash of flour, and has her hands drawn up over her head to make them white. With due deference to the writer quoted, the salad-server does not believe that one society girl in 50 renders herself continuously miserable after the above fashion, and to call that one a type of the whole is folly.

THE truth is, there are silly society girls, just as there are silly society women, whose lives are given up to fashion and frivolity, but the greater number of the rosebuds in the garden of girls are full of the graces that go to make up true womanhood. They love beauty and brightness because it is in their nature; they like to feel that they can win admiration, and sometimes this develops into a dangerous habit. Let them be moved by a real, honest and earnest love, and see how soon the outward garb of what appears as frivolity is thrown off, showing the true hearts throbbing beneath. Given one of these girls in tight corsets, with a plastered face, and there are ten who resort to no such nonsense, but sleep the untrammeled slumber of healthy girlhood. Each year that passes diminishes the number that resort to such means for acquiring beauty, for it brings a better understanding by the young of the laws of health, and the necessity of obedience to their dictims. So society girls, so-called, as a class, whatever be their failings, are not simpletons.

"YES, but they *do* spend a great deal of time in doing what amounts to nothing," says some cynical individual. "Young men are fitting themselves for a life of usefulness, while most girls are frittering their days away in social pleasures." The salad-server would like to ask Mr. Cynic if he has calculated what proportion of the girls born into families neither very rich nor very poor, take up no special work, but dawdle through the years until they marry. He would find it comparatively a small one, and growing less every year. Of those who appear uninterested in any known calling, very many are helping in their own homes to a degree that would surprise his carping soul. Their accomplishments are not such as to attract the world's attention, but they are very useful.

THAT there are many, also, too many, who do not make the most and best of themselves is true, but that may be said of men, and if there is time to spend their time foolishly, how many young men are there who do far worse than that, for they waste their strength and degrade their manhood in sowing, as it is phrased, wild oats. You think nothing of that, Mr. Cynic. You look upon it as you would an attack of measles, whooping cough, or scarlet fever, which possibly, but not probably, may leave ill effects behind. You do not remember that no one can handle pitch without being defiled, and that reformation will not make possible such a mature life as would clean, pure, wholesome living during these early years. Remember this when you are commenting so severely, as the salad-server certainly does not, upon the idle, artificial life these society girls-butterflies, you called them, lead. At least theirs is the sin of omission and not commission.

THERE is a sensible man up in Chicago who, according to the *Mail*, discourses about wedding presents after this fashion: "No, sir, when my daughter is married there shall be no big wedding if my counsel is of any weight. My daughter's future happiness is dearer to me than my life, and for that very reason I object to a big wedding. 'Why,' did you ask? Simply because a big wedding means a dray load of presents for her, and consequently a burden of obligations that will last her life time. Only a little while ago a young lady was married in this city and at the ceremony was the recipient of 225 wedding gifts. Think of it, 225 obligations to begin housekeeping on! Each one of those 225 presents means an obligation which will last not only during this generation, but the next and the next. Each giver will either marry or have a daughter or a son or a granddaughter or a niece or a nephew marry, and this bride, with her 225 presents, will hear of the wedding and, to be fair, will have to send a present in turn. Some of the presents, mayhap, come from a big family of girls, one present for the family. As each girl is married off she will expect something for the investment she collectively made at this 225 wedding, and will be disappointed if she does not get it. No, sir, I can make my daughter all the presents she wants, and I'm delighted that I'm able to do it, and for it she owes me nothing; in fact, she is my daughter and I owe her everything."

HE has the right of it. Perfunctory presents, those given because fashion or custom demands it, have no real value outside of the dollars and cents they represent. A gift should be a simple expression of affection and good will, but when it becomes an obligation that is felt, all that makes it of worth has gone out of it, leaving to the right-minded only Dead sea apples behind. Yet it is a pretty thought which sends to the happy bride some fragrant flowers, or inexpensive little token with good wishes, if it may be limited to that, leaving the more costly presents to be given by the near friends and the family. Any one can receive such with no sense of an obligation that may, in the future, prove oppressive, even though they might number into the hundreds, as in the case mentioned.

IT is said that Boston must have a new craze once in two years, or the result among those who make the cultivated and charming society there would be deplorable. The most recent outbreak is Russomania. Everything that pertains to Russia is sought for with a wild enthusiasm. The study of the language is general, in order that the authors of that country may be read in the original. It is reported that a collector of foreign photographs has been sent out with instructions to purchase views and sketches of all places of interest. Of course this sort of thing has a touch of absurdity to those who are not within the circle, but, after all, it is a craze that has the promise of developing great good. A thorough knowledge of other countries is very desirable, and this will bring much that pertains to our own intelligent idea of its social and political condition.

Anglomania in the Extreme.

James T. Fields, the Boston publisher, was a noted teller of stories. Here is one of them, apropos of the glorious Fourth: A young American, Mr. Fields used to say, who had imbibed Anglomania while in London, reached Boston on the night of the 3d of July. His sleep was disturbed by the sounds common on the night before the Fourth, and he came down to the family breakfast table in a state of very English irritation.

"Mawthah," he asked, "why the precipitate explosion of pyrotechnics in the night, this most deucedly inharmonious sounding of horns and that sort of thing? Those biahsted bells jangled so that I couldn't sleep at all, don't cher know?"

"Why, John, it's the Fourth of July."

"The—aw—Fourth of July? Yaas, I'm aware that it's the fourth day of the current month, mawthah; but—ah—what of that?"

For 6 Cents.

A sample copy of the St. Louis Magazine sent for 6 cents. Its various departments in point of brightness, diversity and timeliness, are far superior to any other American magazine, and we send it and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $1.75. For club of both send money to either BLADE or Magazine. For sample copy of St. Louis Magazine, send to A. W. DeMenil, 213 N Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

Wasted Cultivation.

"Take off your hat when you're in the house and keep your feet off the fireplace mantel," screamed an Arkansas woman to her husband. "It makes me so blamed mad when I think of how I've worked and trained myself to a man that ain't the first dern'ed idee of what good manners is! And here I was born and raised a *lady* and taught all kinds of perlite manners.

"A body'd think, to see how you act, that you didn't have a wife that can play the melodeum and make her hair an heirloom of flowers an' sing alto and do chain-stitch embroidery. I might as well be the ignorantest, onmannerly slummux as a lady, for all the good my larnin' an' manners does you. Sometimes I'm blamed if I don't wish you'd take your old fiddle and your share of the dogs an' cats an' clear out an' let me go back to my paw an' be the lady I was when I throwed myself away on you!"

No Time to Marry.

From an old bachelor's album:

"It's too soon to marry when one is young, and too late when one is old. The interval may profitably be devoted to reflection."

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

Charleston Wharf Rats.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Two years ago I wrote a letter to the CAMP FIRE which drew a response from several of my comrades whom I have not seen since we separated in Cleveland, August 2, 1865. I answered those letters but have not heard from either of the writers since. Boys, write again, and let us renew old friendships.

I wonder how many of the "wharf-rats," who were on duty in Charleston, W. Va., during the year 1863, are living yet. If this should catch the eye of Sergt. Charley Willard, the little incident I am going to relate will be recalled by him, and I have no doubt he will repeat the horse-laugh he indulged in that night at my expense. It was part of our duty, as wharf guards, to search all steamers that landed there for contraband liquor, powder, etc. One night, about midnight, a little stern wheel steamer came creeping up the river and made her nose fast to the wharf boat, while her stern floated promiscuously out in the river. Charley and I left our soft, downy, feather beds, hurling iron-clad anathemas at a boat bells, hurling iron-clad anathemas at a boat that had no more sense than to wander about at that hour of the night, and went down to search her. Having completed this task, we went back to the engine room, and were busy spinning war tales to the engineer, when the miserable old tub gave the signal to "cast off," and was even then backing out into the river. We made a rush for the bow, and Charley, who was the advance, made a mad, flying leap, and landed on all-fours, all over the wharfboat. As soon as the coast was clear, I made an aerial expedition, *a la* Darius Green; but the distance was too great, I merely touched the edge of the wharfboat, tumbled backward, and proceeded to explore the bottom of the river in the interest

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with

Mormons.

M. L. P., Crookston, Neb.:

1. Please give a general description of the Mormons. When and where was that sect first established? What is their doctrine, how obtained, etc.?

Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormons, was born in Sharon, Vermont, December, 1805. In his youth his parents moved to Palmyra, N. Y., and he commenced his public career in the vicinity of that place. He never enjoyed the benefit of much education; to "read, write and cypher" was the extent of his scholastic attainments. He pretended that in September, 1823, he was favored with a divine vision, in which he saw a light, brighter than the noon-day sun, that an angel from heaven stood before him in person, who informed him he was chosen by Divine decree to proclaim a new religion, an improvement upon the old Christianity; that the end of the world, the latter day glory was approaching, of which he (Smith) was appointed to be the herald and the forerunner. He was also informed that certain golden plates, containing a new revelation, and a record of the history of the Aborigines of this continent, were buried at a certain place mentioned; that he was commissioned to obtain, read and interpret them, and proclaim their contents to the world. It is pretended that these plates contained the Book of Mormons, which has since been made known. Smith engaged to give himself out, after this, as a teacher sent from God. His immediate relatives and friends were those to who he first preached; and after some time and labor he succeeded in converting five persons to his creed. The first organization of a Mormon church took place in April, 1830, at Manchester, N. Y. The translation of the contents of the golden plates, which were written in an unknown and mysterious language, Smith pretended to accomplish by means of the "Urina and Thummin," the keys of light and knowledge which were miraculously imparted to him. The opponents of the Mormons, however, assert that the book of Mormon is nothing more than a religious history, or romance, written by a person named Solomon Spaulding, who was a graduate of Dartmouth college, and became a clergyman, which profession he relinquished for the profession and entered into commercial pursuits. Having removed to Ohio, he conceived the idea of writing such a work, and he spent three years in its execution. The principal personages in the story are the Mormon and Morant, and from the former of these the book is named. In 1812 Spaulding brought the manuscript to Pittsburg and offered it to a bookseller for the purpose of publication. Before the matter could be arranged, Spaulding died, and the work remained in the possession of the bookseller, who paid no further attention to it. After his death in 1826, Sidney Rigdon obtained the manuscript by whose means it came under the inspection of Joseph Smith. From it Smith conceived the idea of founding a new sect on the basis of the new revelation which this book was supposed to contain. The book of Mormon is an imaginary history of the American Indian, who, it is tried to show, are the descendants of the ten lost tribes of the Jews. It gives a detailed account of their journey both by land and sea, till they arrive in America under the guidance of Nepti and Leti. The identity of these Jews is proved by the names of the nations, under oath, of several respectable persons who had heard Spaulding read portions of his manuscript, and who readily discovered that a perfect sameness pervaded them. Yet the book avowed the pretended Smith animirably, for it was written in an antique style, was filled with oriental allusions, and was singularly adapted to answer the preposterous end to which the prophet subsequently appropriated it. In 1830 Smith obtained a printing outfit and started a Mormon organ in Jackson county, Missouri. At this time the followers amounted to several hundreds, but again the sect was surrounded by persecution, as they could get it, and serious charges made against their morals. The people arose in a mob, public indignation meetings were held, some of the Mormons were tarred and feathered, and the whole community was given orders to leave. They went to Clay county, where for a time they obtained a precarious resting-place, and remained there four years. They were driven out of this place and went to Sauvoo, Ill., where they erected a temple in 1841. In the course of several years the Mormons erected 2,000 houses, public schools and buildings, and established a paper called the *Times and Seasons*. They sent missionaries abroad, and obtained many converts from the lower classes. Sidney Rigdon at this day supported the doctrine of a plurality of wives, but in justice to Joseph Smith to say that he was opposed to this. Rigdon was expelled, and Brigham Young followed him. Smith and his followers refused to obey the laws of Illinois, and a scism was formed in both branches. The public opinion in Illinois was directed strongly against Smith and his followers made matters worse by attacking and wrecking an anti-Mormon newspaper. Smith was arrested, and while in jail was mobbed and shot. Brigham Young then succeeded in being chosen to the presidency of the sect. In January, 1846, the Mormons were driven out of Illinois into Great Salt Lake Valley, 4,000 in number, and reached their new home in 1847. They believe in the Trinity; they deny that men will be punished in any way for Adam's sin or that they fell in consequence of Adam's transgression; they believe that Christ's atonement will save all mankind; faith, repentance, and baptism by immersion are the only conditions of the church. They hold that the scripture is inspired, but that the book of Mormon is equally so; and that Christ will reign on earth a thousand years, at the end of which time it will be with the Mormon saints and that when He comes there will be a new heaven and a new earth. The most remarkable feature of the Mormon creed is their "spiritual wife" doctrine. This theory is based on the idea that the future kingdom of the saints is to consist solely of their own posterity, and hence the more children a "saint" has, the more heirs of glory are created; and that women may become heirs of glory only as they become "sealed" to a saint and entering paradise with him. This spiritual solution, however, always involves the usual incidents which accompany ordinary marriage, and it is in fact nothing but a subterfuge to excuse and justify the numerous sensual excesses of polygamous life, in which they indulge. Some saints are said to have as many as twenty, others thirty, and others have forty wives, and the having of more than one wife is generally practiced custom among the inhabitants of Salt Lake City. It is probable that the whole Mormon community now dwelling in Utah may amount to 40,000 persons, and the sum total of the sect throughout the world cannot, by the most liberal estimate exceed 100,000.

Opium.

A. B. H., Swan Creek, Ill.:

From what is opium obtained and how is it made?

Opium is a medicinal drug, the juice of the capsule of the white poppy. The medicinal qualities were known in early times, and extract called meconion was employed; this was less active than that obtained from the capsules only, which was called *opus*, the juice, from which we derive the name opium. It is probable the collection of opium began in a lesser manner and gradually extended to other countries. In the various countries the method of collecting opium was generally the same, although differing in detail. The opium poppy is an annual requiring a rich soil, and its time of sowing depends upon the requirements of the climate. A few days after the petals fall, the young capsules, then about 1¼ inches in diameter, are scarified, which is done with a long bladed knife. Much skill is required to make the incision the exact depth, as if made through the wall the juice would escape into the cavity and be lost. The scarifying is done in the afternoon, and the next morning the exuded juice is scraped off with a horn blade and placed in a leaf held in the hand. When enough of the half-dried juice is collected to make a package varying from two ounces to two pounds it is wrapped in poppy leaves and placed where it will dry. The opium in this condition is purchased by buyers, who travel from one village to another and purchase it in small lots, who work it over themselves or put it in cotton bags and take it to Smyrna for inspection and final working. This is known to commerce as Smyrna or Turkey opium, and is most esteemed in this country and Europe. It comes in tin cans, soldered tight and packed in wooden cases; each contain about 140 pounds in lumps, varying from a few ounces to several pounds. Good opium has a narcotic flavor, to many people offensive. It has a reddish brown color. The use of opium as an intoxicant stimulates the mind and produces pleasant flights of fancy or dreams. It is a vice less easy of detection than the use of alcoholic spirits. Its evil effects are most noticeable on the nervous and digestive system. Among the symptoms are wasting away, neglect of appetite, vomiting, pain in the stomach, constipation alternating with diarrhoe, loss of strength, a trembling gait, etc. The use of opium by smoking and manipulation in powder is a sort of intoxication has been in use for many centuries.

Keppler's Laws—Baron Steuben.

Gotlieb Schnaebel, Lockport, N. Y.:

1. What year was Keppler, the astronomer, born and where? 2. What is meant by Keppler's Laws? 3. Will you give us a short sketch of the life of Baron Steuben, of the Revolution time?

1-2. John Keppler, born at Magstatt, near Weil, Wurtumberg, December 27, 1571, died in Ratisbon, November 15, 1630. In 1586 he entered the monastec school of Malbroon, whench he was transferred to the university of Subingen, where, in 1091, he took his degree of master. Subsequently he devoted himself to the study of astronomy under Mastlin, a disciple of Capernicus, and in 1594 was called the professor of mathematics in the university of Gratz, in Styria. Here he published an almanac for 1596, followed by his "Cosmographical Mystery," containing a fanciful theory regulating the order of the heavenly bodies. In 1597 he married, and accepted the invitation of Tycho Brahe to go to Prague and assist him in the preparation of a new set of astronomical tables. The work was done by order of Emperor Rudolph II., who intended to supplement them for those of former times, and place his own name on them. Tycho died, and Keppler smallest and principal mathematician. The Emperor was poor pay and Keppler had to write much to make a living. In his "Principles of Astrology" (1602) he describes the power of certain harmonious configurations of suitable planets to control the human system. In his day such a belief was regarded as in accordance with just conceptions of the attributes of the planets, and Keppler's most profitable business was drawing the horoscope of the princes. In 1604 he was remarkably successful in dealing with the vision and analyzing the structure of the eye. In this work he also described the mode of calculating eclipses, which obtains at the present day. In his subsequent work on optics, entitled "Deoptrics" (1611) he laid the foundation of the science of astronomy. He explained the process of tracing rays of light through transparent substances by means of concave and convex surfaces, and of determining the foci of lenses, and the relative position of the images they form and of the objects from which rays proceed. Hence he was led to describe the astronomical telescope, have two convex lenses by which objects were inverted. These discoveries were obscured, however, by the greatness of those announced in "New Astronomy, or Comment on the Motion of Mars," (1609), which were founded on the data prepared by Tycho. After many fruitless attempts to represent the orbit of Mars, he discovered by comparing two positions of that planet, that its orbit was eliptical, hence his conclusion that the orbits of the other planets were that of an ellipse, with the sun placed in one of its foci. Having next ascertained the orbit of Mars, he found that the radius vector (or line joining the planet and the sun) described equal areas through equal space of time, and that the same was true of other planets. These two constitute two of what are known as the three great laws of Keppler. In 1619 he published his "Harmonies of the World," which contained his third law, namely: that the squares of the periodic times of the planets are proportioned to the cubes of their mean distances from the sun. Such was the transport with which this discovery, which for 17 years had baffled his skill and patience, filled him, that he marked the day and year May 15, 1618, when it became known to him and wrote that it may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited 6,000 years for an observer. 3. Frederick William Augustus Steuben, baron, eminent in the service of the American cause, at a time when it needed help from such as he, died near Utica, N. Y., at the age of 64 years. Deep affection from every true American is his due, for the order and skill in which he brought the American forces in their great exigency. Like many other foreigners he left home, wealth for the privilege of fighting for the American cause. He was born at Madgeburg, Prussia, November 15, 1730, and received a good education. He entered the military service and soon rose to a position near the king, the Frederick William. He ranked high in the military and court circles of Europe, because of the reputation he had made in the seven years' war. He was not obliged to leave his country but came voluntarily, and upon arrival offered his services to Congress. He was placed with the army at Valley Forge and at once introduced the Prussian drill by teaching it to the American troops. In the brilliant campaign which followed his influence was felt. He wrote a book on military science, French, at the solicitation of Washington and Congress. He could not use the English language. It was translated and was the only book of the kind accessible to the American soldiers during the revolution He ultimately became a major general and his services can never be overestimated. He was a fervent Christian, but was possessed of a quick temper, which would manifest itself when he undertook to deal with raw troops. He, however, gained the good will of the soldier, and would often spend the pit scholar out of his own pocket. His life was full of noble and generous acts, and his fortune dwindled away through kindness of heart. In 1790 he was voted by Congress an annuity of $2,500 for life, and from several states, including 16,000 acres from New York. He retired to a log house on the latter and freely settled some of his old army acquaintances upon the land, which he presented to them. His last years were spent in comparative quiet.

Pensions—Public Lands—Patents.

Readers of the BLADE who desire special information regarding pensions, instead of inquiring through the Question Bureau, should write directly to Hon. John C. Black, commissioner of pensions, Washington, D. C.; for public lands information, to Hon. Wm. A. J. Sparks, commissioner of the general land office, Washington, D. C.; and for patents to Hon. B. J. Hall, commissioner of the patent office, Washington, D. C.

Miscellaneous.

John Summerville, Kearney, Buffalo, Co. Kan.: See paragraph headed public lands.

E. W. Howard, Broughton, Ill.:
Give the date of Queen Victoria's birth.
May 24, 1819.

C. L. L., Butlerville, Ind.:
Does the entire surface of Lake Superior ever freeze over?
Yes.

Lizton, Ind.:
In what direction does the water of the Suez canal run?
Nearly South.

L. H. Cummins, West Finley, Tex.:
Please tell me where I can get the music for "Sherman's March to the Sea."
Any music store in a large city.

S. C., Midland, Ala.:
1. How far is it from Toledo to Cincinnati?
2. How far is it from Cincinnati to Chattanooga?
3. Is there a county named Toledo in Cincinnati?
1. 202 miles. 2. 335 miles. 3. Yes.

J. D. Leison, Lansing, Mich.:
I wish to publish a paper and want to proceed to have it entered as second class mail matter at the Lansing postoffice. How shall I proceed?
Consult the postmaster at Lansing.

Sub., Wood Grove, O.:
1. After one has become qualified what would be the chances to get a position as telegraph operator?
2. Are bonds required where a good recommendation is given?.
1. Apply to the manager of any telegraph office or the superintendent of the telegraph of any railroad. 2. No bonds are required.

B. E. M., North Rochester, Mass.:
1. Should a woman, who has been divorced from her husband assume her maiden name, be addressed by the title of Mrs. or Miss?
2. Which is proper to address a widow as Mrs. Noah Smith or Mrs. Mary Smith.
1. According to the decree of divorce read. If the maiden name was restored she should be addressed Miss, if not, Mrs. No. 2. Either.

Ed. E. F., Comer, Pa.:
Please give the cause of the variation of the compass, and the cause of its pointing north.

The compass points in a northerly direction because the greatest magnetic attraction is in that direction. The variation of the campass is caused by mineral substances in the earth's surface, which have a magnetic effect on the compass needle and cause it to vary to the eastward or westward, as the case may be, of a due north course. Sailors soon learn where the compass varies, and so regulate their compass as to avoid disaster.

J. R. Francis, Frankfort:
1. Why is a striped pole the sign for a barber shop? 2. What wages does a good marble cutter get?
1. The barber's pole—The offices of barber and surgeon were formerly filled by one individual, having for a sign a pole ornamented by a basin for catching the blood in venesection, or for lathering those who were to be shaved, and with two spiral ribbons painted around to represent the two bandages, one for twisting around previous to the bleeding, and the other for binding. Since the two professions have taken different paths, the stripes have been retained, with an unconsciously unpleasant suggestion. 2. From $3 to $5 per day, according to his proficiency and activity.

E. N. H., New Garden, N. C.:
Please give a list of the governors of Kentucky both territorial and state.
Isaac Shelby, 1792-96; James Garrard, 1796-1804; Christopher Greenup, 1803-8; Charles Scott, 1808-12; Isaac Shelby, 1812-16; George Madison, 1816; Gabriel Slaughter, 1816-20; John Adair, 1820-24; Joseph Desha, 1824-28; Thomas Metcalfe, 1828-32; John Breathett, 1832-34; James T. Morehead, 1834-36; James Clark, 1836-37, Charles A. Wickliffe, 1837-40; Robert P. Letcher, 1840-44; William Owsley, 1844-48; John J. Crittenden, 1848-50; John J. Helm, 1850-51; Lazarus N. Powell, 1851-55; Charles S. Morehead, 1855-59; Beriah H. Magoffin, 1859-61; James F. Robinson, 1861-63; Thomas E. Bramlette, 1863-67; John L. Helm, 1867; John N. Stephenson, 1867-72; Preston H. Leslie, 1872-75; James B. McCreary, 1875-79; Luke P. Blackburn, 1879-83.

X. Y. Z., Paulding, O.:
Please explain the duties of an entry clerk?
In the first place an entry clerk must be a good penman and a rapid calculator. When a bill of goods is sold it is taken to the shipping room where it is called off to the entry and bill clerks. Each article in the bill is called as (40 yds Cochecho print 5½c) or (20 dz socks at $1.50). The entry clerk enters this on the book, having first taken the name and address of the purchaser. The whole bill is called off, and then called back to certain errors. The rush is so great in the large houses in Toledo that the entry clerk seldom has time to make his extensions until after 4 o'clock. While the entry clerk is doing this the bill clerk performs the same on the firm's bill heads. When both entry and bill clerk have completed their figures the bill made out they compare them, and if they agree, are considered correct. These bills and entry book then go to an assistant bookkeeper, who looks them over again. The position pays from $35 to $50 per month, according to the business done by the firm. The chief abilities required, as above stated, is to be a good penman, and be rapid at figures. Entry and bill clerks are frequently promoted to assistant bookkeepers, and sometimes direct to chief bookkeeper, if their merits warrant.

May Flower, Lincoln, Neb.:
1. Please publish a recipe for making jet black ink. 2. Give a description of the rainbow.
The writing ink—The composition of the ink used by the ancients is not well understood; it is, however, certain that their ink exceeded our's in blackness and durability. Mr. Underwood (who read a paper upon the subject of ink before the society of Arts, in 1857) thinks that some old ink was only a carbon pigment like the Indian ink of the present day; while other kinds were veritable dies of iron and acids. The best writing ink is composed, according to Muspratt, of the following materials: Shellac, soap, white wax, and tallow, in certain proportions to which is added a strong solution of gum sandarach, and is colored with lampblack. Experience is the best method of showing what parts of each to use. (2.) The ordinary phenomenon of the rainbow are usually visible on every occurrence of a "sunny shower." The most careless observation shows us that, for the production of a rainbow we must have a luminous body of rays, a definite angular diameter, and drops of water; for it is never seen except by direct sun or moonlight, and never in a cloud unless rain is falling from it. Now, a falling drop of water takes, by its molecular forces, a spherical form. Also as there is a separation of the various colors of which light is composed, the cause of the phenomena must involve refraction of light, because by refraction these colors are separated. But, again, the spectator who views the rainbow has his back to the sun, and rays of light merely refracted by a rain drop could not be thus sent back to the spectator. The phenomenon must therefore depend upon successive reflections and refractions. The lunar rainbow, which is a comparatively rare, but very beautiful phenomenon, differs from the solar simply in the source and intensity of the light by which it is produced.

Cora, Emery, Ohio:
Please give as much of a description of Michael Angelo and his paintings as possible.

Michael Angelo, (Burnarotti) in an age when Christian art had reached its zenith, stood almost unrivaled as a painter, sculptor, and architect. Born in 1474 at Chinsi, in Italy. He learned the rudiments of painting from Bertoldo, a pupil of Domenico Ghirlandaio, and having been admitted as a student of the seminary which was established by Lorenzo, the magnificent, for the study of ancient sculpture in connection with the collections of statuary in Medican Gardens. He attracted the attention of Lorenzo by artistic skill with which he had restored the mutilated head of a laughing fawn, and was admitted to the table of the sleeping-car, where he spent several years. Pope Julius II. called him to Rome, and commissioned him to make his monument, which was to be erected within St. Peter's. Although his work was never completed in that colossal form in which it had been designed, and was ultimately erected in the church of St. Pietroad Vincula, it is a magnificent composition, and is memorable for having given occasion to the reconstruction of St. Peter's on its present sublime plan, in order the better to adapt it to the colossal dimensions of the proposed monument. The Pope insisted upon Michael Angelo painting with his own hand the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, and he began in 1508, and completed in less than two years his colossal task, which proved one of the most marvelous of his works. The subjects of these cartoons are taken from the Book of Genesis, while between these and the representations of the persons of the Savior's genealogy are colossal figures of prophets and sibyls. His great picture of the Last Judgment was painted for the altar of the Sistine Chapel, several years after, including 16,000 acres from New York. He retired to a log house on the latter and freely settled some of his old army acquaintances upon the land, which he presented to them. His last years were spent in comparative quiet.

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CATCHING A PORTER.

How the Boys on an Overland Train Put it Up on Him.

"There is one sleeping car porter in this country who'll not die poor, if thrift and smartness count for anything," said a gentleman who has just returned from a trip to California. "Soon after we left Omaha the porter of our car began to talk base ball and to let us all know that he was a base ball crank. He grew rather familiar, too, considering his station, but nobody objected, for it is always best on a cross-country trip to keep on the good side of the porter. Among the passengers were several gentlemen who take a little interest in base ball, and so, along in the afternoon, when the porter told about the sport some passengers had had the week before, and suggested that 'just to kill time' we imitate their example, 'the gemmen making' up a base ball pool at $5 a guess, de gemman guessin' clostist to de way de fo' league games comes out to take de pot,' there were seven responses. After the money had been paid into the hands of one who was selected to act as stakeholder, and the subscribers had written out their guesses and signed their names to them, the porter humbly asked permission to come in. Though we all thought the chap was displaying considerable freshness, so long as he had suggested the scheme, in which we had begun to take a good deal of interest, there was no one to object. So the porter put up his $5 and filed his guess with the stakeholder. The next day we got a paper at Cheyenne, and you can imagine how surprised we were when we discovered that only one man in the party had named the four winners, and that man the porter. The way the fellow grinned when he put the $40 away in his pocket made me feel suspicious, and so, later on, when another pool of the same kind was proposed I decided to stay out and keep an eye on the porter. About 3 o'clock the train stopped at a little station, and I saw the porter making a break for the telegraph office. When he came out he had a message, which he was reading eagerly. He sat down in the smoking-car and scribbled something on a piece of paper, carefully consulting his message as he did so, and then went back to the sleeping-car, remarking that he'd 'give the gemmen a chance to git a pa't of de stuff back,' and deposited with the stakeholder a $5 bill and the slip of paper I'd seen him writing on in the smoking-car.

"Having found out what his game was I took the stakeholder one side and said to him: 'This darkey is bunkoing us. It is now after 3 o'clock. In New York and Boston it is after 5. The games have been played. We haven't been thinking of that, but this darkey has. He just received a message telling him which clubs won, and he has named those clubs here, and expects to take our money, just as he did yesterday.'

"The stockholder and I took out all the guesses, changed them all to read the same clubs that the porter had named, and put them back. Then we posted the other fellows. Next day, when the returns were opened and it was found that each guesser had named the four winners, it was worth five times $5 apiece to us to see the expressions which chased each other up and down that shrewd darky's face."—*Chicago Herald.*

HONORING SAINTS' RELICS.

A Page From a Modern "Arabian Nights."

On one of the high hills of Western Pennsylvania overlooking the Allegheny river stands an exquisite little chapel, unique, wonderful, costly, magnificent. It was built by a devoted priest out of his own inherited wealth to do honor to the relics of the saints. It would read like an extract from the "Arabian Nights" did we venture a full description of this astonishing work of private devotion. Many safely say there is nothing like it in America. Thousands of precious relics cased in crystal, silver and gold line the walls in incrustations of carving and gilt, from the floor to the dome. Light streams from above, and the walls are hidden by actual mosaics of reliquaries in every shape the imagination could picture. Shrines are erected on every side and life-sized pictures of exquisite workmanship of martyred saints lie beneath them displaying the wounds of their martyrdom to the reverent wonder and devotion of the spectator. Urns and vials centuries old, some of them containing sacred relics taken from the catacombs or the crypts of ancient shrines in the old world, are here all covered with costly plate-glass. The precious authentications of these relics, some crumbling with age, are inclosed in the fireproof safes of this wonderful chapel. How these relics were obtained and the account of their accumulation would form a history of itself.

Looking at the enthusiastic ecclesiastic as he points out the beautiful statue of St. Anthony, the good genius of the late Father Mollinger), with his long white beard, his black skull cap and loose cassock, his whole face aglow with fervor and animation, one cannot help catching some of the enthusiasm and devotion as he kneels to kiss the relics of St. Anthony. Should you ever go to Pittsburg cross the river to the twin city and ask any one you meet to show you the way to Troy Hill. If it happen to be on the 13th of June (the birth of St. Anthony of Padua), the throng of devout people ascending the road to the chapel of relics will point out the way without further inquiry. The chapel is said to contain more relics than any other outside of Rome.

Though Shaken Like a Leaf

By the most trivial causes, weak nerves are easily susceptible of invigoration, a term which also imports, in this instance, quietude. The nervous have but to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters systematically to overcome that supersensitiveness of the human sensorium, which is subversive of all bodily comfort and mental tranquility, and which reacts most hurtfully upon the system. The difficulty underlying this, as well as many other ailments, is imperfect assimilation, no less than incomplete digestion of the food. In the discharge of both the digestive and assimilative functions, the Bitters are the most potent, the most reliable auxiliary. As the body regains vigor and regularity by its aid, the brain and nervous system are also benefited. Persons subject to the influence of malaria, dyspeptics and rheumatic invalids, and persons whose kidneys are inactive, should, also, use the Bitters.

Monkeys Opening Oysters.

So many people have expressed their surprise at hearing that I constantly saw monkeys opening oysters with a stone on the island of South Burmah, that it may be of interest to give a short description of their method of using such a tool. The low-water rocks of the islands of the Mergui Archipelago are covered with oysters, large and small. A monkey, probably *macans cynomolgus*, which infests these islands, prowls about the shore when the tide is low, opening the rock oyster with a stone, by striking the base of the upper valves until it dislocates and breaks up. He then extracts the oyster with his finger and thumb, occasionally putting his mouth straight to the broken shell. On disturbing them I generally found that they had selected a stone more apparently for convenience in handling than for its value as a hammer, and it was smaller in proportion to what a human being would have selected for a proportionate amount of work. In short, it was usually a stone they could get their fingers round.

As the rocks crop up through the low-water mud, the stone had to be brought from high-water mark, this distance varying from 10 to 80 yards. This monkey has chosen the easiest way to open the rock oyster, viz., to dislocate the valves by a blow on the base of the upper one, and to break the shell over the attaching muscle. The gibbon also frequents these islands, but I never saw one of them on the beach.

Preacher and Pastor.

Some one in a large city church, the story goes, is said to have complained that his pastor was a good preacher but an indifferent pastor. The same minister, with a smaller charge, had before been called a good pastor. The pastor's fall calling list, with the record of miscellaneous work that taxed him day by day, was shown to the man, and he then and there changed his mind about some things. "I believe," he said, "that no one shepherd can care for more than 400 sheep. When a church has more than 400 members it ought to colonize or get an assistant pastor."

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They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

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For ALL of those Painful Delicate Complaints and Complicated troubles and Weaknesses so common among our Wives, Mothers, and Daughters.

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IT IS A BLESSING TO OVERWORKED WOMEN. IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. CURES LEUCORRHŒA. MENSTRUAL PERIODS PASSED *without* PAIN.

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Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and it does ALL it claims to do. It will cure entirely all ovarian or vaginal troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

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HECTOR ON A TEAR.

He Commits Murder, Robs a Hen Roost, and Otherwise Disgraces Himself.

Since Hector has been sojourning with Mrs. Folsom and Mrs. Welch at Red Top, during the absence of the president and Mrs. Cleveland, he has been a model of good behavior and deportment until today, writes a Baltimore *American* correspondent. Indeed, he has seemed to make a special effort to demean himself in a way that becomes the first dog in the land, and glowing accounts of his exemplary conduct have been regularly transmitted to the Adirondacks. These elicited in return many loving messages. But to-day all is changed. In less than 24 hours Hector has made himself a record seldom surpassed in the criminal annals of canine history, and has covered himself with an ignominy that a dozen years of upright living cannot atone for. Here is what he did, and all before breakfast, when the family were asleep: He went rabbit hunting, destroyed a nest of five young rabbits in a corner of the garden, that had become Mrs. Welch's special pets, returned to the house undogged with the dead and dying, one of his little victims in his mouth, dragged it across the porch, along the hallway, and over the elegant parlor carpet, leaving a serpentine trail of blood and hair behind him, leaped on the plush sofa, and from there to the top of the grand square piano, where he stretched himself out at full length with the rabbit between his paws and proceeded to eat his breakfast. After getting pretty well through with the hind legs he had enough, and leaving the rest of the carcass on the piano, he jumped down and knocked over a lamp and some valuable bric-a-brac. He went out into the yard, sniffed the morning air, licked his chops, had a desperate set-to with the fleas, and went in the direction of the poultry yard. Subsequently events fully justified that he got there. He upset two coops, scared the old hens out of their wits, and slaughtered a number of young chickens, strewing their mangled remains over the green grass. He then went to the duck house, squeezed through a broken plank, yanked a duck off of her nest, pulled her tail feathers out, after two or three bites, but were under her and broke the rest. Satisfied, apparently, with his morning's work, he returned to the house, and, going to one of the bed chambers, jumped on the bed, covered with a spotless white coverlet, and went to sleep. One of the servants, while putting things to rights about the house, saw the trail of blood in the hall, followed it to the porch and back again to the parlor, when the sight that met her gaze almost made her hair assume an erect attitude. By that time the servant who attends to the poultry and the gardener were about, and discovered the ruin that had been wrought in their respective domains. There was a sort of a simultaneous triangular yell that aroused the whole household. No one was dismissed upon the spot, but Hector, until he was accidentally discovered on the bed asleep. That settled it. Appearances were against him, and the liberal accumulation of blood, mud, rabbit, hair, chicken feathers, and duck eggs that adorned his mouth gave him away. It was almost impossible to believe that Hector could be guilty of such an offense as this, and insisted that there was no getting around it. He was condemned without trial, and got off well. Had he been a common cur he would have been hanged without benefit of clergy, but his position in society saved him. After being thrice scourged, he was sentenced to wear a ball and chain, so he will be in no condition to welcome his mistress on her return from the mountains.

Car Drivers Fooled by Parrots.

There are five houses in Cottage row on Furman street, each one of which has a parrot. On warm days the cages containing the birds are hung in front of the houses where the parrots can hear each other's melodious address to passers-by. The first of the cottages is not very far from the place where the street cars enter into Furman street from Atlantic avenue. Since the open cars have been running Polly No. 1 has become much interested in the means taken by conductors to start and halt the cars. One of the Atlantic and Fifth avenue cars stopped near the beginning of Cottage row a few days ago. Polly thought it time to take a hand in the active operations of the road. Two shrill whistles in exact imitation of the conductor's clarion notes caused the driver to loosen his brakes and urge his horses into the semblance of a canter. A woman from the ferry was swinging her parasol in an eager and hysterical attempt to counteract the pulses of the whistle, and the conductor was forced to leave the mystery of the bogus signal unsolved while he whistled for the car to stop. Polly whistled again for it to go ahead, and it did not stop. The other parrots had now become interested, and they joined in assisting Polly No. 1 in his contest with the conductor, until Polly No. 5 was reached, and he yelled, in a poorly disguised voice: "South Ferry." Then the parrots joined the passengers in a hearty laugh at the success of their effort to bring about rapid transit.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

How Much Will Garland Realize?

Reports have been heard from time to time during the past few days that the Supreme court will decide the Pan Electric Telephone case in favor of the government, and thus against the Bell company. The court is said to have already made up its mind on the case, and on the strength of the story Bell telephone stock dropped ten or twelve points. The rumor gives it that Chief Justice Waite and Associate Justices Miller, Field and Blatchford will certainly join in a decision against the Bell company, and that Justices Harlan and Matthews will prepare a minority decision; that the views of Justice Bradley on the subject are unknown, and Justice Gray was excused from sitting in the case, because he had formerly been interested in litigation and in regular business connected in a degree with the Bell Telephone company. The death of Justice Woods creates a vacancy in the court. Thus the whole bench is accounted for. The court is understood to have decided that the Bell company was entitled to receive a patent touching the principle of transmitting and receiving wave sounds electrically, the same general principal underlying all methods of communication of electricity. The decision is looked for early in the next term of the court, which begins in October.

A Hint to the Brides of the Season.

Flowers have gone out of fashion in Paris, much to the delight of the engaged young man, who, instead of being obliged to give the lady of his heart a bouquet each day, can present her with a basket of roses once a week. These baskets are tied with pretty ribbons, and are really very ornamental, but not profitable to the florist, who, however, has his consolations. The carriage in which the wedded pair return from church after the nuptial ceremony must be heaped with flowers supplied by the bridegroom, and he is still expected to buy a bouquet for his bride and for each of her maids, although not a flower appears in their hands at church.

BLACK WOLF!

Or Black Leprosy, is a disease which is considered incurable, but it has yielded to the curative properties of SWIFT'S SPECIFIC—now known all over the world as S. S. S. Mrs. Bailey, of West Somerville, Mass., near Boston, was attacked several years ago with this hideous black eruption, and was treated by the best medical talent, who could only say that the disease was a species of

LEPROSY

and consequently incurable. It is impossible to describe her sufferings. Her body from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet was a mass of decay, masses of flesh rotting off and leaving great cavities, her fingers festered, and three or four nails dropped off at one time. Her limbs contracted by the fearful ulceration, and for several years she did not leave her bed. Her weight was reduced from 125 to 60 lbs. Perhaps the faint hope of her condition can be gleaned from the fact that three pounds of Cosmoline or ointment were used per week in dressing her sores. Finally the physicians acknowledged their defeat by this Black Wolf, and commended the sufferer to her all-wise Creator.

Her husband hearing wonderful reports of the use of SWIFT'S SPECIFIC (S. S. S.), prevailed on her to try it as a last resort. She began its use under protest, but soon found that her system was being relieved of the poison, as the sores assumed a red and healthy color, as though the blood was becoming pure and active. Mrs. Bailey continued the S. S. S. until last February, every sore was healed; she discarded chair and crutches, and was for the first time in twelve years a well woman. Her husband, Mr. C. A

TOLEDO BLADE.

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MICHIGAN'S LOCAL OPTION LAW.

The Prohibitory amendment to the state constitution of Michigan having failed to carry, at least on the face of the returns, the friends of the effort to pulverize the Rum Power turned their efforts in the direction of the next best thing, viz: to obtain the passage of a local option law. In this they have been successful. The bill has passed both houses of the state legislature. It is formed upon the general plan of the local option laws of the Southern states, where this method of Prohibition has been so successful; and we have no doubt that a majority of the counties of Michigan will have practical Prohibition on and after May 1, 1888.

The law provides that when not less than one-fifth of the total number of legal voters in any county, as shown at the last preceding election for governor, shall petition therefor, the county clerk shall call an election to be held within forty days after the receipt of that petition, to determine whether intoxicating liquors shall be manufactured or sold within the limits of the county. No election shall be held in any month in which an election for state, county, city, village or township officers is held, and such question having been once submitted and decided, shall not be again submitted for a period of three years.

The law goes into effect in any county where the question is decided in favor of Prohibition, upon the first Monday in the following May. The prohibitory provision is so sweeping, and so carefully constructed, with intent to prevent the violation of the spirit of the law in any possible manner, that we give it entire. The friends of Prohibition in other states may profitably study it:

From and after the first Monday in May next, after such special election, it is hereby declared unlawful to manufacture, sell, give away, or furnish malt, brewed, fermented, vinous or intoxicating liquors of any kind, or in any quantity, or liquors, any part of which is malt, brewed, fermented, vinous or intoxicating, or to keep for sale or keep a place where such liquors are manufactured or kept for sale, given away or furnished, within the limits of any county in which a majority of the votes cast at the election next preceding upon the question of prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors, as provided in section 1 of this act, have been cast against the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, except where done by a druggist who is or employs a registered pharmacist strictly in compliance with the laws for the regulation of druggists.

And, whoever, within such limits, himself, or by an agent, or otherwise, thus manufactures, sells, furnishes or gives away any such liquors, or keeps for sale, or keeps a place where such liquors are manufactured or kept for sale, given away or furnished, upon conviction thereof in any court of competent jurisdiction shall be fined in any sum not less than fifty dollars, nor more than five hundred dollars, and be imprisoned in the county jail not less than ten days nor more than six months, or both, in the discretion of the court.

The debate upon the above section was interesting because the question was raised whether a majority should rule, or whether it should require a definite majority. It was argued by the minions of the Rum Power that where Prohibition carried by a bare majority, the law would not have sufficient moral support to insure its enforcement, and it was proposed to amend so as to require a three-fifths vote. But after an animated debate on both sides of the question it was decided to adhere to the usual principle of government by majorities, and the amendment was rejected.

The next section of the law declares the suspension of the provisions of the state laws for the taxation and regulation of the liquor traffic, except wherein they relate to sales by druggists, in any county in which Prohibition shall be adopted.

The people of Michigan certainly can find no fault with the Republican majority in the state legislature. They have lived up, not only to the letter, but to the spirit of the pledge in the party platform upon which they were elected. That platform declared in favor of the submission of a Prohibitory amendment to the direct vote of the people. That pledge was kept; the amendment was submitted, but was declared defeated upon the popular vote. But there were grave charges that the amendment had been defeated by fraud, and the determination was made to give the people of the state Prohibition in the only way in which it was possible for the legislature to do—by local option. The bill was in charge of men known as the earnest friends of temperance; every effort to weaken its force, or to render it possible to get up a legal fight over its provisions, by means of specious amendments, was defeated by their activity and watchfulness; and the result is, the people of Michigan have a most excellent local option law.

As Prohibition under its provisions can only go into effect upon the first Monday of the May succeeding the election in any county, we look to see an active campaign carried on in the greater number of the counties of Michigan in the eleven months that must elapse before next May. The friends of Prohibition have an immense advantage in the fact that the recent campaign for the Prohibitory amendment has thoroughly stirred up the people. The campaign of forty days which is allowed by the law is amply sufficient to organize the friends of Prohibition in any county against the Rum Power, and overthrow it.

This law will be of enormous advantage, in that it will enable the overthrow of the most potent arguments of the Rum Power—notably that Prohibition will "injuriously affect all kinds of business." The people will be enabled to judge of Prohibition by its fruits. They will see two counties lying side by side, the one with Prohibition, the other under the reign of Rum. The comparison cannot fail to be instructive. They will see the business of Prohibition towns flourishing as compared with that of towns cursed by Rum. They will see that the people are happier, the community more moral; that there is less crime and less idleness. The specious arguments of the slaves of the Rum Devil will be overthrown, and the time will speedily come when the people of the entire state will demand constitutional Prohibition. Enlightened as to the truth about Prohibition, they will march to the polls, and, so far as Michigan is concerned, they will

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE leading Democratic newspaper in Tennessee, the Nashville *American*, advocates the abolition of the internal revenue system as a method of reducing the revenue, it being a strong advocate of protectionist principles. That is all very well, if the revenue is to be reduced; but the question is, how to continue reducing the debt, not how to reduce the revenue and render it impossible to pay the debt at all.

IT is well to remember, MR. CLEVELAND, that the plurality by which you carried New York in 1884 was only 1,047—which is a remarkably easy difference to overcome, when the decided dissatisfaction with the present administration is taken into consideration.

CLEVELAND'S LICKSPITTLE ACT—RETURNING THE REBEL BATTLE FLAGS.

Toledo Daily Blade, June 15.

There are preserved in the War department at Washington a large collection of rebel battle flags, captured by the Union armies during the slaveholders' rebellion. For some time the men in charge have been sorting them by states, and preparing records of their capture. The purpose of this was not known until Saturday, when the statement was made public that CLEVELAND has determined to return all these trophies of war to the states from which the organizations came which bore them. The following is the copy of the letter making the tender, which was sent to Governor LEE, of Virginia, by the Adjutant General of the army. A similar one has been sent to the executive of each of the states engaged in the rebellion:

The President of the United States having approved the recommendation that all the flags in the custody of the War department be returned to the authorities of the respective states in which the regiments which bore them were organized, for such final disposition as they may determine, I am instructed by the honorable secretary of War to make you (in the name of the War department) a tender of the flags now in this office belonging to the late volunteer organizations of the State of Virginia. In discharging this pleasant duty I beg you please advise me of your wishes in this matter. It is the intention, in returning each flag, to give its history as far as it is possible to do so, stating the circumstances of its capture and recovery.

If Mr. CLEVELAND needed to add any further evidence to assure the people of his degrading subserviency to the Southern Bourbons, this will certainly make the point clear. These battle-flags are captured property, belonging to the nation, and his action is indefensible and absurd. To be consistent he should return all captured rebel cannon and other war material that remain in the government's possession, and turn over the national cemeteries to the states in which located.

The further statement is made that the secretary of War intends to complete the surrender to the ghost of the dead Confederacy—that he intends to send for those preserved at various points in the Northern states, under the authority of Section 218, Revised Statutes, which makes it his duty to cause all flags captured from the enemy to be sent to him at Washington, when he will take part in what the adjutant general calls a "pleasant duty" by turning them over likewise to the Southern states.

Before the war there were in the North a species of human beings to whom the appropriate epithet of "doughfaces" was applied. The doughface was afraid to have anything done or said that would hurt the feelings of the slave aristocrats of the South. He was willing to turn himself into a human bloodhound to run down and return fugitive slaves to their Southern masters. He was willing to lick the dust from the boots of the Southern leaders, if he could by this means earn their approval. The doughface was the most servile of the Northern tools of the slave oligarchy, and would crawl to a lower depth of abasement in the mud at its feet than any one else. To him it was a glory to have the nation ruled by the South, and a privilege to do the dirty work of the slaveocrats.

President CLEVELAND is a survival of the species. He is a thorough and complete Doughface.

GROVER BACKS DOWN.

Toledo Daily Blade, June 17.

For the first time in his official career as President, CLEVELAND'S bull-necked obstinacy has yielded to the pressure of public opinion. He has rescinded his infamous order for the return of the captured rebel battle-flags to the Southern states.

It seems that the matter of the return of the flags was discussed at a Cabinet meeting during the week of the national drill at Washington; that the members were all in favor of such action, and that CLEVELAND thereupon issued the order. The storm of patriotic protest from the old soldiers and the great mass of citizens of the states which were loyal to the Union during the rebellion quickly showed the President that, whatever his private feelings might be in the matter, he had made a political blunder. He was utterly destroying all chance for a re-election to the Presidency. He immediately revoked his order for the return.

In that document he assigns as his reason for the revocation that, having examined into the matter, he is of the opinion

That the return of flags, in the manner thus contemplated, is not authorized by the existing law, nor justified as an executive act. * * * Any direction as to the final disposition of them should originate with Congress.

But this does not agree with the explanation, made to the representative of the Western Associated Press at the White House, regarding the project for the return of the flags. It was stated that the right of the War department to return them was questioned by the President; that "such right was distinctly asserted and precedents alleged," whereupon he assented. He now declares that he finds the executive has no right to order the return. This is not consistent with the whole tenor of his previous official action. He has always been noted for the extreme slowness with which he made up his mind to any step to be taken, and the persistent obstinacy with which he adhered to a line of policy when once committed to it. His sudden change of front on this point is at variance with every other act of his official career.

The only explanation which fits all the circumstances of the case is that CLEVELAND saw that his doughface act was a boomerang. He intended to placate the ex-rebel element of the South, unmindful, as he has always been, of the loyal sentiment of the North. The explosion of righteous indignation from the latter, however, forced upon him the unwelcome conclusion that he had made a blunder, and there was nothing left but to retrieve it as best he might.

SHIFTING RESPONSIBILITY.

The President and his idolaters are actively endeavoring to shift the responsibility for the obnoxious order for returning the rebel flags from his shoulders to those of somebody else. Just at present the thick-and-thin partisans of His Avoirdupois are vociferously declaring that Adjutant General DRUM is the culpable one, and that he and Secretary ENDICOTT should bear the blame.

All this effort is a mere beating of the wind. The official records in the case fix the responsibility. They are three in number. The first in order of time is the order of Secretary of War ENDICOTT to DRUM to prepare letters making the tender of rebel flags to the governors of the late rebel states. In it ENDICOTT declares the President responsible:

WAR DEPARTMENT, May 26, 1887.

The within recommendation is *approved by the President*, and the adjutant general will prepare letters to governors of those states whose troops carried the colors and flags now in this department with the offer to return them as herein proposed, the history of each flag and the circumstances of capture, or recapture, to be given.

WM. C. ENDICOTT,
Secretary of War.

The next is DRUM'S letter to Gov. LEE, of Virginia—presumably a duplicate being sent to all other Southern governors—making the tender:

The President of the United States having approved the recommendation that all flags in the custody of the War Department be returned to the authorities of the respective states in which the regiments which bore them were organized, for such final disposition as they may determine, I am instructed by the Honorable Secretary of War to make you (in the name of the War Department) a tender of the flags now in this office belonging to late volunteer organizations of the state of Virginia. In discharging this pleasant duty I beg you will please advise me of your wishes in this matter. It is the intention, in returning each flag, to give its history as far as is possible to do so, stating the circumstances of its capture and recovery.

R. G. DRUM, Adjutant General.

Then comes the President's order rescinding the previous action, which clearly, in the sentences italicized, shows that the matter was submitted to him, and that he made the order for the return of the flags:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, June 16.

To the Secretary of War:

I have to-day considered with more care *than when the subject was orally presented to me*, the action of your department directing letters to be addressed to the governors of all the states, offering to return, if desired, to the loyal states, the Union flags captured in the war of the Rebellion by the Confederate forces and afterward recovered by government troops; and to the Confederate states the flags captured by the Union forces, all of which, for many years, have been packed in boxes and stored in the cellar and attic of the War department. *I am of the opinion that the return of these flags in the manner thus contemplated is not authorized by existing law, nor justified as an executive act.* I request, therefore, that no further steps be taken in the matter except to examine and inventory these flags, and adopt proper measures for their preservation. Any direction as to the final disposition of them should originate with Congress.

Yours truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

That which is done by an agent through the order of his principal binds the principal. The President ordered the return, and must stand the odium of the act. Neither does his recall of the order, in obedience to the storm of indignant protest from the North, relieve him of the charge of a base truckling to the old ex-rebel element.

THE "CONFEDERATE STATES" OFFICIALLY RECOGNIZED.

GROVER CLEVELAND, President of the United States, uses the phrase, "the Confederate States" to designate the authority to which the rebel battle-flags were to have been returned. He says, in his rescinding order to the secretary of War:

I have to-day considered with much care * * the action of your department directing letters to be addressed to the governors of all the states, offering to return, if desired * * * to the Confederate States the flags captured by the Union forces. * *

The position of the United States government during the entire war was, that no state could secede, and that the war was a rebellion. The "Confederate States" were never recognized as having a *de jure* existence. CLEVELAND'S order is the first official recognition the rebel government ever received from any United States authority. Is this a blunder of crass ignorance on CLEVELAND'S part, or did he designedly wish to placate the Southern heart and assure them of his fidelity to Northern doughface ideas, by officially recognizing the Southern Confederacy twenty-two years after the rebellion went down at Appomattox?

TALMAGE—A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS PREACHER.

At the request of thousands of our readers, we have had engraved a magnificent portrait of the great and world-famous pulpit orator, Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, uniform in style with our other Military and Religious Heroes. The portrait is absolutely life-like, is executed in the very highest style of the art, and will be an ornament to any house. The thousands upon thousands of admirers of the great Brooklyn preacher, the greatest and most effective pulpit speaker now living, will be glad to secure this speaking likeness of the man. It has a more than passing value, for it is taken while he is yet in his prime, in the vigor and strength of his manhood, and while he is doing his most effective work. Every reader of his matchless sermons should have one. We mail them singly, post-paid, for 25 cents. For the combination with our other portraits, see announcement on fifth page, under the head of Publisher's Department.

THE people will watch very closely the effort being made by some of the leaders of the national Democracy to bring about a compromise between the two wings of the party upon the tariff question. The most clear-sighted men of the party foresee that this question is the rock on which the old organization will go to wreck. They must either bring the party to some ground that can be accepted by both wings, or the Republicans will have a walk-over in 1888. But the puzzling thing is to find such a ground. The day has gone by when a shuffling jargon of words, which means free trade in Kentucky and protection in Pennsylvania, will satisfy the voters. The national convention of that party next year will have to express itself plainly and explicitly. It can no longer follow the example of previous conventions, and take a seat on the fence, with the Randall foot on the protection side and the Carlisle foot on the free trade side. The top rail has been removed and barbed wire substituted therefor. It will require somebody more agile than a Democratic politician, even, to find a satisfactory seat thereon.

THE Henry George party in New York state has issued its call for an organizing convention, which will meet at Syracuse, August 17, to nominate candidates for state offices this fall. The two leading planks in the platform submitted in this call are: First, abolition of private property in land; second, the issue of United States treasury notes to represent the accumulated surplus in the treasury. It is safe to say that the party can develop no great strength so long as the land confiscation plank remains in the platform. In point of fact, the distinctly labor element is by no means united in support of GEORGE'S theory. JOHN SWINTON makes a fierce assault on the movement through his paper, in which he denounces the call for the convention as expressing principles contrary to those of the labor reformers, and in which he condemns Mr. GEORGE for his crusade against the Roman Catholic church.

EFFORTS are now being made to organize in Indiana a branch of the "National Farmers' Alliance," one of the many new movements, the object of which is to revolutionize the political parties of the country. We fancy the movement will not amount to much. Indiana farmers have never been inclined to "facts" in the political line. The Republicans among them are too intelligent, while those of the Democratic faith won't change their votes upon any consideration that does not involve the receipt of a $2 bill.

WE think that it is about time that an energetic effort should be made in this country to prevent the introduction of the foreign pauper insane. We have laws against it, but somehow a very large percentage of the inmates of the insane asylums of the country, especially in the East, are of foreign birth, and are paupers. The dependent classes of European countries are sent here in large numbers, and somehow succeed in getting through Castle Garden. An investigation might be in order.

THE great objection of the Democratic party to civil service reform is, that it substitutes brains, knowledge and fitness instead of political service, as necessary qualifications for obtaining positions under the Federal government. As it is plain that in any such competition the mass of the Democratic party are placed at a disadvantage, it is no wonder that they are opposed to this reform. The great mass of the intelligence of the country is in the Republican ranks.

WHILE the currency of the country expanded about $58,000,000 during the past year, the volume of national bank notes was diminished by about $28,000,000. If the national bank system is to be preserved it must be upon a different basis than national bonds as security for circulation. The debt must be paid, and the people are not willing to allow it to remain a permanent burden merely for this purpose.

WHEN Mr. CHANDLER returns to the Senate, we may expect to find matters made very interesting for Secretary of the Navy WHITNEY. The short-comings and inefficiency of the latter will be shown up with an unsparing hand, for Mr. CHANDLER is his determined foe.

WAGES AND THE TARIFF.

The rate of wages is like the price of anything else that is offered for sale. Primarily, it is governed by the law of supply and demand. If two men, equally competent, ask for employment at a certain occupation, or to do a single piece of work, the one will get the job who asks the lowest wages. The converse of this is equally true. If a man's services are desired by two different employers for exactly the same kind of service, he will take the offer of the one who makes the best proposition as to wages. But it is also true that the price of any kind of labor in the community is also affected by the scarcity or the abundance of workmen compstent to do the work. If workmen are scarce, the rate of wages will rise; if workmen are plenty and but little work offered, the rate of wages will fall. Supply and demand affect this market precisely as they do the wheat market.

But, aside from this, the tariff affects the rate of wages, not only of the men engaged in protective industries, but of all workingmen, even down to day laborers upon the streets or upon farms. It is a fact, and one which cannot be disputed, that the workingmen of foreign countries are paid at a much lower rate than are men doing exactly the same kind of work in the United States. The cost of labor is one of the prime factors in the price of any manufactured article. It follows, then, that a general reduction of the tariff, or its entire abolition upon any line of manufactured goods, would compel one of two things to be done, viz: either the manufacturer must reduce the cost of the labor necessary to protect it by cutting down the wages of his employes, or he must shut up his manufactory and quit the attempt to compete with foreign manufacturers who have the advantage of him in the price of labor.

Right here is where the advocates of the free trade policy attempt to befog the issue. They take the ground that the profits of manufacturing are excessive in this country, and that, if our manufacturers chose to take only a reasonable profit, they could still afford to pay the same rate of wages they do now, and yet sell their goods at such a price as to enable them to compete successfully with their foreign rivals. That their position regarding the excessive profits of manufacturing is erroneous, is shown by this one fact: that money is very plenty in the country, and can be had for a lower rate of interest than at any time during the past quarter of a century. If there were any exorbitant profits to be made out of manufacturing, it is not to be supposed that sharp business men would loan money at from four to six per cent., when they could make twice or thrice that amount—yes, even 40 per cent., if we are to believe our free trade friends—by going into manufacturing. The dle money which accumulated in the great money centers during the past two years would have been at once invested in great manufacturing plants, and its owners would have been reaping the golden harvest which the free traders say is in the power of every American manufacturer.

Le us now suppose that the people of the United States were suddenly stricken with financial insanity; that the free trade idea were adopted, and all protective laws repealed. The standard of wages then, in all factories and mills employed in the making of goods previously protected by the tariff, would be the lowest rate prevailing in European countries—Great Britain, for instance. Our manufacturers would either have to close their works, or put the cost of production down to the European standard. It is plain that the rate of wages would have to go down, because, practically, there are but two factors influencing the cost of any manufactured product; first, the price of the raw material; second, the price of labor. The price of the raw material is regulated, even our free trade friends will admit, by the law of supply and demand. If there is a good crop of cotton, the price goes down; if there is a brisk demand for cotton by manufacturers the price goes up, as it also does if the crops should be a partial failure and the supply be thus limited. So it will be seen that the cost of the raw material will be beyond the control of the manufacturer, and practically he will be obliged, in order to reduce the price of production, to reduce the cost of labor.

The most likely thing to occur under this state of affairs would be a general strike among the workmen in all protected industries. Foreign goods would pour into this country, the tariff barrier being taken away, and our market would be occupied by them. It would be impossible for the strike to be successful, and the men would either be starved into submission or would find work at other occupations which would pay them better than the reduced wages they were offered. It takes no prophet to determine what the outcome of such a movement would be, where thousands of men are attempting to seek occupation in lines already filled. The rate of wages would go tumbling all along the line; not only in mills and factories devoted to the manufacture of protected goods, but on the railroads, in stores and offices, and everywhere among the wage workers there would be a general decline of prices. We would have an era of general but hopeless strikes, and the result would be that the general rate of wages in every line of employment would be reduced to the European standard.

TO THOSE NOT SUBSCRIBERS WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

A great many people, who are not subscribers will receive this number of the BLADE. We ask of all such a careful examination, and a just comparison with any other paper printed. And then, if it pleases you, as it will, remit your subscription at once, and secure its weekly visits. $1.00 a year, 30 cents for three months. You will never regret it.

THERE is a revival of war talk in the Russian press, which, in the present disturbed state of Afghanistan consequent upon the serious rebellion against the Ameer, looks ominous. Russia has completed the trans-Caspian railroad as far as she can possibly need it for defensive operations, and its continued extension can only be looked upon as proof of her intention to make another forward movement toward India in a very short time. England is rapidly extending a railway up the valley of the Indus toward Kandahar, this showing that the government of the Anglo-Indian empire views Russia's actions with alarm. It seems probable that, with the coming of cool weather in the fall, we may see a revival of the Afghan difficulty.

PROHIBITION is most certainly marching on in Pennsylvania. It seems entirely probable that the next Republican state convention will take decided action upon the question. A resolution will be presented endorsing the Prohibition amendment, and it will probably be placed in the platform. This amendment, it will be remembered, was submitted to the people by the legislature last winter.

AND now comes the superintendent of a western railway line with the intelligence that the number of clergymen in the country has quadrupled withing the past six months. This is another of the beneficial effects of the inter-state commerce law. For further particulars, see section 22 of that stat ute.

WHEN MR. CHANDLER returns to the Senate, we may expect to find matters made very interesting for Secretary of the Navy WHITNEY. The short-comings and inefficiency of the latter will be shown up with an unsparing hand, for Mr. CHANDLER is his determined foe.

FIRST the coffee corner was smashed, and then the wheat corner was broken; but the people at large lost nothing. All the talk about millions being lost is foolish. The fictitious values created by the manipulators are gone, but nobody lost anything save themselves.

SPIRITUALISM TESTED.

Mr. HENRY SEYBERT, a wealthy gentleman of Philadelphia, left $60,000 by will to the university of Pennsylvania, to found a chair of Philosophy, upon the condition that the trustees of that institution of learning should appoint a commission to investigate all systems of morals, religion or philosophy which assume to represent the truth, and particularly "modern spiritualism." This latter clause was added because he was partly convinced of the reality of the so-called "spiritual" phenomena, and he desired that the world should be convinced either of its truth or its falsity—he being unable to decide the matter satisfactorily to himself.

The trustees accepted the gift and the condition, and proceeded to carry it out by the appointment, in 1884, of a commission, composed of eminent scientific men and scholars. The list of names of persons composing the commission is herewith given:

Prof. William Pepper, Dr. Joseph Leidy, Dr. George A. Boenig, Prof. Robert Ellis Thompson, the Rev. George S. Fullerton, and Horace Howard Furness, to whom were afterward added Mr. Coleman Sellers, Dr. James W. White, Dr. Calvin B. Kneer and Dr. S. Wier Mitchell. Dr. Pepper, as provost of the university, was *ex officio* chairman; Dr. Furness acting chairman, and Prof. Fullerton was secretary.

This body, generally known as the "Seybert Commission," began its work at once, and took up the subject of modern spiritualism. They have spent three years investigating the so-called spiritual phenomena. That the members took every care to be unbiased, and to approach the subject in a purely scientific spirit of inquiry, is evidenced by the following, from their report, which has just been made:

As a benefiting preliminary at one of our earliest meetings each member in turn expressed his entire freedom from all prejudice against the subject to be investigated, and his readiness to accept any conclusion warranted by the facts; one of our number, the acting chairman, so far from being unprejudiced, confessed to a leaning in favor of the substantial truth of spiritualism.

We deemed ourselves fortunate at the outset in having as a counsellor the late Mr. Thomas R. Hazard, a personal friend of Mr. Seybert, and widely known throughout the land as an uncompromising Spiritualist.

After three years of investigation, the commission makes a report of progress and declares its intention to continue its investigations. The report is signed by all the members, and shows that they investigated all phenomena generally attributed to spirit influence—the "spirit" rap, slate writing, etc.—and this is the conclusion at which they unanimously arrive in this report of progress:

Our experience has been that as soon as an investigation worthy of the name begins, all manifestations of spiritualist power cease.

That is, these gentlemen unanimously report that there has so far as their investigations have extended, there appears to be nothing in the slate-writing, table-rapping, etc., which can not be explained without any reference to supernatural causes, and although it does not say as much in so many words, the Commission is apparently of opinion that most of the signs and wonders of the spiritualistic seances have their origin in fraud.

They had before them the leading mediums of the United States, and the report shows that these persons were powerless as soon as test conditions were imposed. Here is one of their experiences with Mrs. PATTERSON, a noted slate-writing medium:

Our first seance was held in the evening at the medium's own home. The slates were screwed together with the bit of slate pencil enclosed, and held by the medium between her open palms, in her lap, under the table. After waiting an hour and a half without the least response on the slates from the spirits the attempt was abandoned for that evening, much to the disappointment, not only of us all, but to the chagrin of Mr. Hazard (Mr. Seybert's believing friend), who could not understand "what the deuce was in it, seeing that the medium was one of the very best in the world, and on the preceding evening, when he was all alone with her, the messages from the spirit of Henry Seybert came thick and fast." No better success attended our second seance with this medium, although we waited patiently an hour and twenty minutes, while the slates were in the medium's lap.

They also had SLADE, the renowned slate-writing medium. They report that he has two kinds of handwriting on his slates. One is careful with dotted "i's" and crossed "t's"; the other is scarcely legible, jerky and hasty. The long messages, they say, are prepared by the medium before the seance. The short ones, answers to questions asked during the seance, are written under the table with what skill practice can confer. They say:

With this knowledge it is clear that the investigator has to deal with a simple question of legerdemain. The slate, with its message already written, must in some way be clean. The short answers must be written under trying circumstances, out of sight, under the table, with all motion of the hand or arm concealed. It is useless to attempt to limit the methods whereby these two objects may be attained.

With regard to "spiritual rappings" the investigations have been "even more unsatisfactory." Their report says as to this branch of the subject:

The difficulty attending the investigation of this mode of Spiritualistic manifestation is increased by the fact familiar to physiologists, that sounds of varying character can be produced in almost any portion of the human body by voluntary muscular action. To determine the exact location of this muscular activity is at times a matter of delicacy. What we can say, thus far, with assurance, is that in the cases which have come under our observation the theory of the purely physiological origin of the sounds has been sustained by the fact that the investigators were invariably confessedly cognizant of the rappings whenever they occurred, and could at once detect any spurious rappings, however exact and indistinguishable to all other ears might be the imitation.

The commission regrets that its investigations have been hampered by the extortionate prices asked by some professional "mediums," and that it has not been assisted by the non-professionals. It also calls attention to the fact that of the professional mediums there are few, if any, who have the confidence of all followers of Spiritualism, while one whom Mr. HAZARD recommended as one of the best of the class, was denounced by other Spiritualists as a "liar and a thief." Their conclusion is one to which a large number of lay investigators have come:

As a rule, mediums assert that they invite investigation. Our experience has been that as soon as an investigation worthy of the name begins, all manifestations of Spiritualist power cease.

People like to be humbugged, however, and the so-called "mediums" will continue to gull the credulous as heretofore, in spite of the report.

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

EX-SECRETARY WINDOM appears to realize the magnitude of the struggle now going on between the Rum Power and its opponents in the United States. He is quoted as declaring that another irrepressible conflict is upon us; that the nation cannot remain one-half drunk and one-half sober any more than it could remain one-half slave and one-half free; and it must be either one or the other. The country must be given over to the domination of the Rum Power or the latter must be pulverized. And he is quoted also, as saying that the 200,000 saloons in this country have been instrumental in destroying more men's lives, within the past five years, than two million armed men destroyed during the rebellion.

A DISEASE somewhat similar to yellow fever is said to be epidemic on the Northwestern coast of Mexico. The outlook is ominous, and the utmost precautions should be taken to avoid the introduction of this terrible scourge into the United States.

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby is Present at the Issuing of the Flag Order—He Protests in Vain.

WASHINTON, D. C., Joon 18, 1887.

I am in Washinton jist now by invitashen uv His Serene Eggslency, the President, ez a sort uv advisory committy to assist in settlin sich tickfish questions ez may arise in the seceded states, wich is now, thank Heaven, the Goverment. I am here ez a sort uv Assistant Adviser, my biznis bein to throw out sejestions wich I git credit for ef they are bad and not acted onto, and wich His Eggslency the President gits credit for ef they are good and adoptid. All governments hev to hev sich men, wich is the price uv the offices they fill.

The question wich wuz desided yisterdy mornin wuz the wun uv sendin back to the Southern States the flags and sich wich wuz capchered from em by the Northern Insurgents doorin the late fratrisidle struggle.

The representatives uv the South insistid that them flags shood be returned to whence they originally came, becoz ther remainin in the Capitol to which they hed bin brot, wuz proof that they kin hither by force, ez it were, wich wuz ruther agin the theory so popler at the South, that one Southern man wuz ez good ez five Northern men; besides wich, it wuz time that the South be consiliatid agin.

I remarked that to attempt to send back them flags and sich, wood create a feelin in the North wich wood be uncomfortable for His Eggslency, and consekently for us.

"Why so?" wuz asked. "Did he not veto the Penshun bill, and hez ther ben any uprisin about that? Ef he kin do that, why not this?"

"My liege and gentlemen," I replied, you'll diskiver that there's a thundrin site uv diffrence between a penshun and a flag. Ther's many a soljer who wooden thank ye for a penshun who will raise sich a hell ez yoo never dreamed uv if ye tetch his military record. Them flags is his military record, and ef I wuz in power here I shood let em severely alone. Troo, there wuzn't any uprisin about the penshuns, but the time for the uprisin ain't jist at hand. That will show itself next yeer. No man wood more like to see them flags in the South where we cood safely kiver em with sich romances ez we chose; but lookin at it ez a praktikle man, I don't like it. I hev a offis. I never wuz more comfortable in my life. I hev nothin speshly to do, and a good salary for not doin it. I hev, for the fust time in my life, credit at Bascom's, and the confidence uv the community in wich I reside ez to finansil problems. I want His Eggslency re-elected in '88, for I don't want to be hurled out uv that comfortable place like a stun from a catapult, and be landed on the cold and sterile rox uv defeet. I prefer to stay. It's all well enuff this yeer, but there's another yeer jist ahed, and—"

"I've heer'd enuff uv this kind uv talk," sed His Eggslency, with a pertenshus frown on his brow. "I've heerd enuff uv this kind uv talk, and we'll dispense with it. I'm responsible to the Dimekratic party, wich by the way, I am. Wat is the Dimekratic party?" (His Royal Highnis labers under the delooshun that all ther is uv the Yoonited States is the kentry south uv the Ohio river and the lower wards uv Noo York city. He hez no noshun of anythin else.)

Secretary Endicott sed that ez a Massychoosets man he wuz willin that this be did. The South hed bin beaten by sooperior numbers, made up uv furren hirelins, and hed bin hoomiliated enuff. We are now apologizin and makin reparashen, and ez a commencement they hed bin given back everything they had afore the war and considerably more. Ez a Dimekrat, a ole-fashioned Dimekrat, it did him good to see the South at the hellum wunst more, and when the South took the hellum he wanted her to be in controle uv both eends uv the skooner. Troo, it made practically but little difference wher the capchered flags reely wuz kep, but ez the South seemed to set stress onto hevin uv em back, why, the South bein the government, it didn't become the North to hev anything to say about it.

The order wuz determined upon and ishood, at about 10 a. m., and the mornin wuz spent in innosent hilarity. Ginrel Hercules McHammer, uv Mississippy, sed how wonderful is the finger uv Providence and how the Lord hed showd up in the matter uv the late struggle. He (McHammer) went into the war actilly expectin to bust the old goverment and controle the whole kentry by forse uv arms. But the Lord rebooked our presumshen. He permitted us to be whaled in the feeld to show the yooselisnis uv the South's appeelin to arms so long ez they hed the Northern Dimocrisy to depend upon. The South wuz crushed in the feeld, but wat happened? The Dimocrisy uv the North cum promptly to her aid, and lo! where are we now? We got back into the government with the addishnel representashun that the nigger popelashen gave us, without being at all worried with the nigger vote. We hed electid a President from the North, it is troo, but that wuz only becoz a Northern man allus wood do more for us than a Southern, and—(at this pint Gen. M'Hammer, who chaws, and wuz sallivatin permiscus, spit onto the President's trousers, wich Secretary Endicott meekly wiped off, and the general perceeded)—we hed complete controle uv the offises, and wuz dictatin the polisy uv the Government from stem to stern. The President hed vetoed the penshun bill, and in all things else hed done wat he wuz ordered to do by them wich made him President. Ez to these flags, it made but little diffrence where they wuz kept; but inasmuch ez it wood irritate the North, and be an addishnel guarantee uv good faith and entire devoshen to the South on the part uv the President, he shood insist that they be sent South. It is a grate thing to irritate the North.

Genrel Rosser, uv Virginny, did not want to speshly irritate the North. He wanted absloot pecce, and he considered this thing uv sending the flags South, so that they cood be safely lied over, wuz a step in the rite direckshen. But, in addishn to returnin these flags, he shood insist upon some other things. Frihstance, laws shood be passed perventin sich ruffians ez Gen. Sheridan from goin down the Shenandoa valley, remindin them shivelrous people uv the time when he went down there with some bloo-koted Linkin ruffians behind him, and made it warm for the then unsubdood Confedrisy. Time and the offises hez mitigated the greefs uv the people uv that valley, but sich uv em ez are not absent holdin Consulates, wooden't like to see Sheridan. We are willin to permit Sheridan to live, but ther must be a limit to wat he does.

His Eggslency remarkt that all this wuz troo, that he wuz willin to do this to bring about the ery uv good feelin in the Dimekratic party, wich wuz lokated in the South and in the lower wards uv Noo York city.

Gen. M'Hammer remarkt that ther hed got to be a good deel more dun than that to satisfy him. He shood insist on penshunin Confederit soljers, ekal to Fedrel, and datin the penshuns back even with the Fedrel soljers.

"Certafnly," replied Gen. Rosser, "and the Confedrit debt will hev to be incloodid with the Fedrel war-debt, and paid, wich makes Confedrit bonds good property; and then there's damage by Fedrel troops to be paid for, and sevrel little things like them, wich it wuzn't considered wuth while to meushun, ez, under a Dimekratic adminis-

trashen they come along ez a matter uv course."

I wuz rithin under these infoodishus announsements uv policy, and wuz in hopes some one wood steer His Eggslency away from sich a dangerous course. But not one uv em dared say a word, cept Endicott, wich remarked that it wuz prinsiple, and in the coz uv prinsiple he wuz willin the party shood die, ef it hed to, but it wood be with its feet to the foe, and its eyes to Heaven.

"Hellen blazes!" I shrecked, "wat folly is this? Wat's all this about diein with our feet to the foe and our eyes to Heaven? I don't want to die. I ain't jist now conserned about wat kind uv a corpse I shel make, for I don't want to be a corpse at all. Hevn't the Dimocrisy got sense enuff to live? Can't we manage to eggsist a while and enjoy the spoils? Yer Eggslency, reconsider this rash act."

"Never!" sed he, "never! I hev sed it and it shel be done."

"Then yoo may ez well pack yoor baggage and prepare for a skip March 4, 1889—you may ez well!"

—Jist here commenst a sceen. The order to send back the flags hed got onto the streets, it had bin telygrafted all over the kentry, and responses wuz a coming back es thick ez lice in Egypt. No matter wich it wuz from, Republikins or Dimocrats, it wuz one continyood pertest again the move.

"Wood yoo insult the entire North!" shreeked the Republikins.

"Wood yoo throw away the last chance yoo hev for a re-eleckshun!" shrecked the Dimocrisy.

And His Eggslency looked over the telegrams. "Wher is Milwahkee?" he asked feebly. "Is ther sich a place ez Peoria?" he murmured. "And Pittsburgh?"

"You bet there is such places," sed I, "ez you will discover next yeer."

"Well, ef we hev made a mistake we hev made one, and must back down. Bayard, write a dispatch sayin that after givin the matter more matoorer considerashun we hev decided to let the d—d flags stay wher they are, not becoz we don't consider it the correct thing to do, but becoz, hevin eggsamined the law, we find we ain't justified in doin it, though it shood be done."

"My Liege, don't say that," I emplored. "Say that it wuz the work uv sumbody else, and that yoo never knowed

THOSE REBEL FLAGS.

If your brother tries to break up the family in a row, and you have to pummel the life nearly out of him, and if you then freely forgive him and take him back into the fold, is it a genteel performance to keep taunting him all the rest of his life with the fact that you licked him? Let the Southern battle flags go where they came from.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Is it a genteel performance for the pummeled brother to assume airs, to be continually asserting that his ideas are superior to yours, anyway, and to assume that it is his birthright to dictate how family affairs shall be conducted? Would not a decent respect for the proprieties of the occasion dictate a little regard for the agreement by which he was allowed to resume his old position in the family?

GOVERNOR FORAKER struck at the weak spot in the rebel flag business at once—that CLEVELAND had no legal right to order their return—in telegraphing authority and an order to Gen. BOYNTON to begin legal proceedings to make the secretary of War show cause why he should not be enjoined from returning the rebel flags captured by Ohio troops. GROVER was a lawyer once, and saw the point. Then ensued a race between him and BOYNTON'S lawyers—CLEVELAND to issue the crawfish order, and the lawyers to prepare the papers necessary to be filed before beginning suit. GROVER won by a neck. (Nothing personal intended.)

THE Detroit *Journal* makes the point exceedingly clear that the return of the captured rebel battle-flags would have had no real effect in healing the remaining animosities of the war. It says:

> The President has done a very foolish, if not illegal thing in ordering the captured rebel flags to be restored to the Southern states. * * * As it is not a voluntary act of the Union soldiers or the Northern people, the return of the flags can do little or nothing to placate the Southern people. On the contrary, it is far more likely to revive their resentment toward the armies who captured the banners and humiliated them, and who now resent their return, and to have reddened the embers of the war in many a Northern breast.

BY the way, are the captured National battle flags, preserved as trophies at many points in the South, to be returned to the government, in exchange for the rebel flags which CLEVELAND is going to send South? For instance, the state library in the old capitol at Richmond has a number, and a collection of other Union trophies, captured in the war. Is Gov. LEE going to return them? Or are they to be preserved as mementoes of Southern prowess?

ADJUTANT GENERAL DRUM, who is pushed forward by CLEVELAND'S apologists as the scapegoat for the rebel flag blunder, is nearly 70 years of age, and has been in the department over thirty years. He achieved his present position only by the rule of seniority, and not through any particular merit of his own. He is aptly described as a "fossil clerk." He should be retired as soon as possible.

GENERAL FAIRCHILD, commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, expressed exactly the feeling of the men who bore the nation's flag in triumph through the years of battle, when he declared, in speaking of the return of the captured rebel battle flags:

> May God palsy the hand that wrote the order; may God palsy the brain that conceived it; may God palsy the tongue that dictated it.

Now, let the President try his hand at a little more "conciliation;" but, for a change, try it on the Northern people. Our Southern brethren have had abundant taffy and other sweetmeats, including official sugar-plums. Let the Northern people have a show, Mr. CLEVELAND.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* quotes DAVY CROCKETT'S aphorism, "Be sure you're right; then go ahead," in the following form:

> "Go off half-cocked; then take it back."—*Davy Crockett, revised by Grover Cleveland.*

FORAKER may be impulsive; but somehow his impulses are always on the side of patriotism and justice, and he touches a responsive chord in the popular heart every time.

SECRETARY BAYARD calls the Grand Army "the professional office-seeking soldier organization." The old copperhead spirit of the Delaware aristocrat crops out in that phrase.

THE Chicago *Tribune* makes a very neat as well as sharp point when it says:

> President Cleveland is his own Burchard. Returning Rebel Rags is a fatal alliteration.

CLEVELAND gives up his St. Louis trip. The flag episode knocked silly all calculations for capturing the Grand Army vote.

CLEVELAND didn't know it was loaded.

A MEMPHIS newspaper comes to the front with the assertion that the majority of the brains in the country is to be found in the South. We beg leave to differ. The men whose brains control the country to-day are a majority of them from the West. And it is not strange that this should be so. For the past century the most enterprising, vigorous and daring of the population of the United States has been immigrating to the West, to utilize the splendid advantages which that growing section presented. All the conditions of life, economic and social, are better adapted to promote mental growth and the development of all that is best in a man's make-up, than those which have always prevailed in the conservative communities of the South. Our Southern brother should shake off his provincialism.

THERE is a statement going the rounds of the newspapers that the government is making money by redeeming the trade dollars at par, on the ground that the silver is thus bought cheaper than the market rate for silver. This is an error. The government has been paying 95¼ cents per ounce for silver bullion during the greater part of the redemption of trade dollars has been going on. An ounce is 480 grains; a trade dollar weighs 420 grains. One can hardly see how there is any profit in paying 100 cents for 420 grains of coin silver, one-tenth of which is alloy, when it only has to pay 95¼ cents for 480 grains of silver unalloyed. The government loses by their redemption, of course. But it is making money all the time on the coinage of the standard silver dollar.

MASSACHUSETTS has amended her Sunday laws, and placed them in harmony with the enlightened sentiment of the present day. By the amendments recently made to the statute, it exempts from the prohibition against Sunday labor the running of street cars and ferry boats; the publication and delivery of newspapers; the sale of necessary food and medicine; the hiring of carriages; the use of the telegraph and telephone, and other things which are now fairly regarded as necessities of modern civilization.

REFERRING to the proposed visit of President to St. Louis at the national encampment of the G. A. R., the comrades of the post at Des Moines, Iowa, adopted the following:

> *Resolved*, That if Grover Cleveland and his friends insist upon using the prestige of the Grand Army of the Republic to obtain an audience, that *he send a substitute, and, if possible, the person who represented him in the army during the war.* While we respect the office he fills, we must still be allowed to say that we have no kind feeling for its present soldier-hating occupant.

THE weather has been very favorable to the harvesting of wheat and barley in the winter wheat belt—dry and breezy, first cool and then hot. The previous tendency to rust has been, no doubt, arrested, and a good dry grain is probably being harvested. Advices from the country are mostly very favorable, though in not a few sections there are thin stands. The spring wheat crop is reported very favorably. Advices from the corn and cotton crops continue reassuring.

Correspondence.

"IN THE DINNER PAILS."

A Correspondent Thinks the Laboring Men Do Not Live So Well.

NELSONVILLE, OHIO, June 16.—EDITOR BLADE:—There was an article in your issue of the 9th inst., taken from the *American Grocer*, stating what kind of food laboring men in New York had in their dinner-pails—that they had meat, and eggs, and pie, and fine cake, and also fine wheat bread; and that they had as good food to eat as a millionaire. "And then he asks, "Where in the wide world do the laboring men get such food to eat as in America?" I do not think heroes around the country very much to peep into laboring men's dinner-buckets, or else surely he would not talk so, if he were to come around Nelsonville once in awhile, and peep into some of our pails, perhaps he would think otherwise—and in hundreds of places besides this.

The miners here have not made 50 cents a day for six weeks, and all winter we did not average 75 cents per day. Now I suppose those men that he speaks about were getting $1.50 per day; but undoubtedly they were not getting such high pay, for it's not very often such wages are paid for laboring work. Supposing those men had families and were paying house-rent, and buying their living at retail prices, no man with common sense would say that they could live so well upon such wages. They may have a good meal once in a while, and that is about all; and why should not the laboring man be as worthy of good food as the millionaire?—DAVID JENKINS.

[To the best of our information, the wages of workingmen in New York city, to which the article in the *Grocer* referred, range from $1.50 up as high as $3.50 and $4 per day—the latter being paid in the building trades. Here in Toledo the street-cleaning men get $1.25; pavers, $4 per day; carpenters, $2 to $2.50 per day; bricklayers, $4 per day; lumber-shovers, who unload lumber vessels, 40 cents per hour. Other lines of work in proportion.—ED. BLADE.]

OHIO DEMOCRACY ADVANCING.

Is the Old Party Going to Occupy Advanced Temperance Ground?

EDITOR BLADE:—Will you kindly give place to the following extracts from leading Democratic organs, showing that they are wise enough in their day and generation to see that the growing temperance sentiment can no longer be ignored, and that the Democratic party is doomed to eternal defeat if it continues to act as the champion of the Rum Power?

"The great mass of the Democratic party of Ohio, has determined to fight no more battles for beer brewers, liquor dealers and saloonists."—*Steubenville Gazette.*

"The growth of public sentiment antagonistic to the rum traffic has been remarkable in Ohio."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Capt. Williams, of the New York police force, with witnesses, ordered liquor from the bar at the Fifth Avenue, St. James and Gilsey hotels. He will now swear out warrants for the arraignment of these parties for violating the Sunday closing ordinance."—*Detroit Free Press, June 6.*

Two years ago the papers containing such "antagonistic sentiment against the rum traffic" would not write such advanced editorials. It has been made possible only through the BLADE'S constant and exhaustive arguments from every phase of crime, shame and poverty that sinful human nature has suffered by the habit of strong drink. And now that the saloon is losing much of its power as the politician's recruiting and corralling office to carry elections, a sense of its demoralizing influence upon individuals and communities is taking serious thought among all families who favor prosperous and peaceable homes. Indeed, it will not be more strange than other phenomena that have occurred in Democratic policy, that this old party, through its young leaders, will make a break in its platform to "scoop" the Republicans in temperance resolutions. M.

It's a Daisy.

SHELDON, DAK., June 13.—EDITOR BLADE:—After using one Blade machine for a couple of months, I can truly say that I would not exchange it for any other I have ever used, and I have used a number. I had not the slightest trouble in running it or using any of the attachments, and I had used the ruffler and tucker and a hemmer before it had been in the house an hour. I think lots of it, and so do our neighbors.—AGGIE ANDERSON.

It was an Error.

NEW YORK, June 11.—EDITOR BLADE:—I beg pardon for the delay in answering your note of the 31st ult., but I had some little difficulty in getting the facts. The Seabright, N. J., *Sentinel* is not owned by Gen. Fisk, nor is it urging Blaine's nomination next year. The item you inclosed was erroneous. Fisk is a strenuous third-party fanatic.—C. F. HARRIS.

A Mistaken Man.

A good story is told of the sorry beginning of the late Charles D. Reep in the newspaper business. He had entered upon an engagement with the New York *Times*, when one day J. C. Reid, its manager, who has probably been more successful than any other man in America in wrecking the budding ambition of young newsmen, said to him: "Keep, you know where High Bridge is?" "No," said Keep, thinking he was assigned to look up an item. "I'm a comparative stranger in New York, but I can find it." "Very well," said the editor, "find it and cross it. Then pick your path to Westchester county and ask the first farmer you meet for work on his place, and if you have any leisure learn how to write. You don't know how to write." Keep didn't follow the advice, but subsequently proved Reid's lack of judgment in men by making a brilliant success of the *Wall Street News* and by making a fortune that could buy out his old employer 50 times and still have something left for charity.

Anecdote of Granville Moody.

It is told by the late Rev. Dr. Granville Moody, the "fighting parson," that once at Piqua, O., where he was preaching, he made a patriotic remark that rather cut Mr. Frank McKinney, a local Democratic leader, and McKinney threatened to whip him. "You may get hurt if you try it," replied the minister. But McKinney wasn't afraid and attacked him on the public street. In a twinkling Dr. Moody grappled with him, got his head "in chancery" and pounded him until he begged for mercy, when he let him go, saying, "I told you, Frank, I might hurt you." In the scuffle they tumbled over a boy and broke his leg. Dr. Moody at once took charge of the youngster, paid the surgeon's bill and more, and sent an account to McKinney for half the expenses, which the latter paid.

Wages of Farm Laborers.

The idea that agricultural machinery decreases the wages of farm laborers is one that was exploded so many years ago that none but an ignorant demagogue trying to exasperate his more ignorant dupes would dare to use it. Statistics go to show that the wages paid the farm laborer are steadily increasing. From the report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor of Massachusetts for 1885 the following figures are taken, and we believe the per cent. of increase shown by them will be fully equaled throughout the Northern and Western States. Weekly wages, 1860, $4.28; 1872, $5.33; 1875, $5.84; 1878, $5.57; 1881, $6.18—exclusive of board in all cases. These figures shaw an increase of fully 50 per cent. in wages in twenty years.—*Cleveland Leader*

A Diamond Crystal.

A Malden Lane diamond man has in his possession a remarkable jewel. It is a diamond in the rough, nearly round, and weighs three and a half carats. When the cutter took the stone to prepare it for the polisher the first sharp blow divided the diamond into two nearly equal parts. Upon examination it was found that a perfect, natural diamond crystal had been the nucleus about which the layer stone had formed. The nucleus is a perfect cube and weighs apparently three-fifths of a carat. One-half of the cube projects above the face of the matrix. It is the only specimen of diamond crystal in the world.—*Jewelry News.*

Made His Mouth Taste Bad.

A rude boy rubbed his poor old father's false teeth with phosphorus the other night, and set them in the window to scare the passers-by. Two or three women shrieked and fainted, one man threw his umbrella through the window, and the next day the innocent old man went about working his jaws and making faces at himself, and saying that his "mouth tasted like as if he'd swallowed a box of matches."

—Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas, Ontario, (4 hours from Detroit) is the leading Canadian college for young women. First-class furnishings, staff and equipment. Rates low. 66 pp. announcement free. Address Principal Austin, B. D.

A RICH FIND.

The Buried Treasure of an East Indian Maharajah.

The late Maharajah of Scindo was a frugal party and had no confidence in British banks. This not because he was disloyal to the empress of India, for he gave the best proof to the contrary by risking his life and fortune during the Sepoy rebellion. In return for his loyalty the British government gave him various privileges and lands yielding a revenue of $150,000. He had in addition a large income from his province, which is larger than Scotland and Wales combined and contains a population of over 2,500,000. When he died the British financial secretary for India decided to visit the capital city, Gwalior, for the purpose of negotiating a loan for the government.

The Maharajah inherited from the preceding Maharajahs the habit of hiding his treasures in the earth in large quantities, the secret being known only to a few. Under the skilful guidance of the board of regency Financial Secretary Westland discovered vaults under the floor of the women's quarter of the palace. The matter-of-fact correspondent tells the story as an ordinary bit of news, rather than as an extract from a tale of the Arabian Nights. He says:

"After removing the earth for a depth of six feet, the workmen uncovered a smooth and level pavement of large flag stones. When these had been lifted they saw a square pit filled to the brim with glittering silver. There were several of these secret treasuries, in one or two of which jewels were concealed, but most of them contained about 15 lakhs of Gwalior rupees. In each pit, save our Simla correspondent, there was besides the money a copper plate on which was engraved the amount it contained, and the name of the official under whose order the stock had been placed there, for the secret of this enormous wealth was only entrusted to a few confidential servants. The money was than dug up and shovelled into bags for the amount of which a draft is drawn on the rupees, which will be sent to the Calcutta mints in installments of 80 lakhs of rupees, the first installment having already reached its destination. The rupees, we are told, are of pure silver, and are clean and bright looking, as if they had come spick and span from the Gwalior mint, for it seems to have been the Maharajah's custom to put away only freshly coined rupees into his treasure vaults."

A lac consists of a hundred thousand rupees, and a crore is five millions, the total find being worth three and a half million pounds sterling. Some of the neighboring Maharajas, who may be supposed to have a few little crores of their own, stowed away at odd intervals, are intimating that the transaction was in the nature of a forced loan, so far as the British government is concerned, but the Bombay *Times* is immensely pleased with it, and intimates that all that is necessary to make the English rule in India the greatest boon on earth is for other native princes to give similar "splendid hostages to fortune." For it says, it stands to reason that the prince that trusts the British government can himself be trusted, and when he has turned his concealed crores of rupees into the British treasuries, he will be very likely improving his local army, which is supposed to be the height of an prince's ambition. But no one will question the entire accuracy of the *Times* in its remark that "In accepting the loan of the government have tapped a new source of national wealth." It has indeed; on a less gigantic scale it might be called "till tapping."

The Commencement Agony.

Now comes the melancholy days when a long-suffering public must again go through the agonizing tortures of the "commencement exercise"—the time when one is supposed to shed tears over the profound eloquence of the young woman who says:

"Friends, schoolmates, companions—we must part. For years we have been drinking at the fountain of knowledge and journeying hand in hand through the fields of learning. Happy years, gone never to return! To-day we separate; to-day we launch our boats on the great, wide sea of life to drift—we know not whither. While our hearts are heavy and our eyes tear-dimmed we"—but we know all the rest. Those of us who have been through it ourselves know that the authors of "Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow," "Life's Failures," "Lights Ahead," "Philosophy vs. Rationalism," "Which, When and Why," "The Influence of Metaphysics on Society," "The Sovereignty of Change," "Look Aloft," "The Mirage of Life," and "Our Country's Perils," "Anarchical Tendencies of Modern Civilization"—the authors of these papers, essays and orations will, ten minutes after it is all over, be saying:

"I got nineteen bouquets."
"Didn't it go off lovely?"
"Did my train hang all right?"
"How did I do, anyhow?"
"I was ready to drop dead with fright!"
"I was so worried about my hair."
"Did my sash ends hang right?"
"You did splendidly."
"So did you."
"Your essay was just grand."
"How lovely of you to say so!"
"Everything was just perfect!"
"I just thought I'd die when my name was called. But I remembered that my dress cost $90, and that helped me out."
"I'm afraid that not half the audience knew that the flounce on my train was real lace."
"I'm dying to see what the papers say."
"It'll be perfectly horrid if they don't describe the costumes."—*Tid Bits.*

Restoring Life.

Is restoration of life to the dead to crown the scientific achievements of this century? Several noted *seances* of Europe agree that life may be restored after actual death in many cases, and they are now experimenting with a view to prove it. By combining artificial circulation with artificial respiration, a dog was restored to life an hour and five minutes after having been killed, when the heart was still and cold, and the limbs were becoming rigid. Poisoned frogs were restored to life after being nine days dead, when putrefaction had begun. The effect of peroxide of hydrogen in starting the blood and restoring heat to a really dead body is startling, and a distinguished physicist affirms that "a drowned or suffocated man is not hopelessly dead so long as the bodily organs remain uninjured by violence or disease, and the blood remains sufficiently liquid to be set in motion artificially and supplied with a little oxygen to start the chemical movements of life." Now let the hopeful theorists give some results of their practice on human beings.

Glittering but Vulgar.

A fashion writer avers that she lately saw a lady at a public table whose gown scintillating with jets, was cut open and square over a snowy bust, where reposed a string of diamonds and a string of pearls, with a large brooch and pendant of diamonds; in her hair a bandeau of brilliants glittered in the shape of a comb; huge solitaires depended from her ears; diamonds again sparkled on her wrists, while her hands were literally loaded with sapphires and rubies and emeralds and opals and diamonds; she glittered all over like the night; she reminded one of some rare show, and attracted almost as much attention. Yet this same glittering individual used her handkerchief vigorously and for a long time together on her nostrils, scratched herself without reserve, and picked bones with her fingers, making as much display of her bad breeding in one direction as another. Our young people cannot too early be taught that simplicity of dress in public is as important and as evident a mark of good breeding as quiet behavior is.

John A. Logan, Jr.

Manning Logan and John A. Logan, jr., are one and the same. By his immediate family he is pretty sure to be called Manning, but in business circles he, without doubt, soon be recognized as John A. Logan. Young Logan is growing to look very much like his father. Indeed, the resemblance is quite marked. His father's death has made him quite thoughtful, and given him a serious realization of life. He is now as much older than his years as he seemed younger before that sorrow came upon him with such suddenness. All that was light and volatile in his nature before has given place to a settled, steady purpose. His consideration for his mother and strength of character at once developed, and his proving a real support to Mrs. Logan has been observed with surprise by those who knew her previous self-reliant independence. He has been fortunate in the choice of a wife, who is as sensible as she is charming.

Gave Them One More Chance.

When Senator Ben Wade was a circuit judge in Ohio one of his decisions was reversed by the Supreme court of the state, and the case came back to him on mandate. He disregarded the mandate and followed the first decision. "But, your honor," exclaimed the beaten counsel, "the Supreme court reversed your former judgment!" "Yes, so I have heard," was the reply. "I will give them a chance to get right." The decision was again reviewed, this time with Judge Wade's written opinion, and the court decided that he was right.

—Distress after eating, heartburn, sick headache, and indigestion, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It also creates a good appetite.

ENDICOTT AS AN ASS.

The Secretary of War as Full of "Nerves as an Hysterical Woman.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

There has been a wide-spread idea that Secretary Bayard is the lordliest member of the blooded Cabinet. But recent revelations concerning the silken-haired, rose-tinted, delicate-nerved Endicott will efface this impression. The elegant secretary of War, with a pedigree, seems to have been thrown into dire trouble at different times by the conduct of rude persons who own property near the leased house that he occupies in Washington.

A prominent lawyer having a vacant lot beside the Secretary's residence made bold to presume that he had a right to the quiet use of his own land without asking anybody's consent, and so he had the grass closely cut and a tennis court laid out." His family and their friends have been on the grounds quite often, conducting themselves, as they fancy, with that degree of propriety consistent with the august surroundings. But the secretary of War, a few days ago, dispatched his chief clerk to the lawyer and requested the total prohibition of tennis playing on the lot adjoining his residence; also, although Endicott's family had, without asking permission, previously used the place for tennis. The lawyer sent assurances of distinguished consideration to the War Office, but refused to surrender.

It is related, also, that a well known patent attorney owning a house in the rear of Endicott's mansion was recently much surprised at being served with a warrant for his arrest. A report explains:

He was still more astonished when informed that his arrest had been caused by the secretary of War, whose aristocratic nostrils had scented, or imagined they scented, some odors from the stable in the rear of his house. Now, Mr. —— is particularly proud of his stable. He has been known to intimate that it was as good a stable as could be found after a long search, and the secretary's cherge struck him in a tender place, beside subjecting him to the mortification of being arrested by a policeman. He went to the health office and asked if any complaint had been made about his stable. He was informed that there was no complaint. Then he asked that two of the sharpest inspectors on the force be sent up to examine it. This was done, and, armed with the report of these inspectors, and with a very bright light in his eye, Mr. —— marched into the Police court and told the prosecuting attorney to fetch on his secretary of War. When the latter official learned the facts he abandoned the case.

Worse and more of it. A gentleman who owns a lot near Endicott, and on the side opposite the tennis court, decided to build upon it. The contract was let, and men and teams were set at work digging the cellar. They had been thus engaged for two days when a sergeant of police came around and told the contractor he must quit. He ceased, pending investigation. it was Endicott again. The secretary had complained that he couldn't sleep in the morning on account of the racket. The owner was indignant, yet considerate:

He informed the police that he had a permit to erect a dwelling, and that he should do it, even if the secretary of War was compelled to leave town. He promised, however, to have the teams work in the middle in whispers, and have their pickaxes carefully muffled.

The neighbors are waiting in some trepidation to see what next will upset the highly sensitive Endicott. It is considered as a matter of course that another declaration of war from the War office is only a question of time. Both sides and the rear of the house having received attention, probably Endicott's next move will be to prevent all vehicles except bicycles from passing along the street in front of his residence. The surprising thing is that he calls on the police to execute his orders. It must put his lordship's nerves on a terrible tension to refain from calling out the army.

A Boston Romance.

The mention of summer hotels brings to mind a pretty little drama which came to to the orthodox conclusion the other day. Mr. Blank has taken for the season one of the large houses in the neighborhood of Boston, and has been engaged in getting together the necessary force of assistants. Some weeks since one of the people who has engaged rooms for the hot months recomended to him as a proper person to take charge of the linen room, Mrs. X., a young widow. He expressed a wish to see her, and an appointment was made.

On the day named Mr. Blank was unwell, and instead of meeting Mrs. X., he sent the man who is to be his clerk. Singularly and unpleasantly enough, it turned out that Mrs. X. was an old sweetheart of the latter, who had been one of her suitors in her maiden days.

It may be supposed that there was more friendly than strictly business talk at this interview, and it was found necessary to appoint another. "A second wooing is not long a-doing," says the proverb, and this may be looked upon as a case in point.

This was only a few weeks since, but by the time Mr. Blank was again able to attend to business he was informed that Mrs. X. was no longer a candidate for the vacant place in the linen room, and one day a week that lady ceased to be Mrs. X., and became the wife of her old-time lover. She will, indeed, pass the summer at the hotel, but it will be as the wife of the clerk, and not as one of the employes of the house. Mr. Blank declares his illness to have been providential, and everybody seems to be satisfied with the result thus far.

The Shoe on the Other Foot.

If, as the George theory maintains, the increased value of land due to the growth of population should be given up to the community, why should not the decrease in value occasioned by a loss of population be made up to the sufferers by an exodus? In other words, if the "unearned increment" belongs to society rather than to the individual, why should not the unmerited decrement be made good to those who are driven out by a decrease in population? A case in point is furnished in the current news:

"A few years ago Wilton was one of the most flourishing villages in Minnesota. A railroad built through that section left the village at one side, and now the place is dead. One of its original proprietors has just sold 115 lots to one purchaser, and the old town site is converted into farming land."

There are thousand of places throughout the country where the land is worth less than it was five, ten or fifty years ago by reason of a loss of population. If people will leave landholders in the lurch in this fashion, and the increased values where they go are to be given to the community, should not a portion of the increment be given to those who, through no fault of their own, have suffered a loss? Or is Mr. George's rule one of the poor ones that work only one way?—*New York World.*

He Was Mated.

Marriages are often the result of accident. It seems strange, but the most prudent person will sometimes conceive an irresistible attachment at the suggestion of a word or look. When once under the spell of the verb, "To love," they go through all its forms, and finish the declension of the verb before the altar. The poet gives a name to the sensation the ooundertion it deserves; but the many, there is reason to fear, are guided by an impulse. A skipper of a coasting vessel called at the village inn and asked the landlady, a young widow: "Do you know where I can get a mate? I have lost my mate."

"I am very sorry for you, Mr. ——" she said smiling. "I want a mate, too, and can not get one. As we are in the same position, I'll tell you what I'll do; if you will be mine, I will be yours!" He closed with the bargain, and the widow, keeping to her word, he is now supplied with two mates.—*Chambers's Journal.*

How the Quakers Wed.

A queer Quaker marriage ceremony was recently performed at San Francisco. The parties were Mr. H. A. Smith and Miss Ella J. Brady. It is one of the peculiarities of the San Francisco code that the mayor has not the legal power to perform the marriage service; hence, when the Quaker bride and groom called on him, he secured the services of Judge Wilson. After silent prayer, all stood in a semi-circle. The Judge then used the simple words of the Quaker contract, and declared the couple man and wife. The bride had two maids, and all three were dressed in sober gray.

Egotism in the Prayer-Books.

Some day or other, says James Payn in the *Independent*, some American correspondent will go to St. George's chapel, Windsor, and look in the prayer-books; he has not done it yet because he thinks it such an unlikely place for "copy," but some day or other he will do it, and if what I hear is true, the free and independent citizens over the water will have really something to laugh at. I am told that in the said prayer-books the personal pronouns referring to the royal family are in large type and those referring to the Creator in small. I hear it on very good authority, and if the wind were not in the east I would go down to Windsor and certify myself of the fact. How Thackeray would have reveled in it he known it!

A Bad Feature.

First politician—There's something about this school board election I don't like.

Second politician—What is that?

First politician—Why, I mean in relation to women voting. You see, I thoughtlessly bet a hat with my wife on her candidate, and she won. I've just discovered that the hat she picked out cost $35. I'll be more careful with my next hat bet.

TREASURY OPERATIONS.

Will a Scarcity of Money Result from the Accumulation of the Surplus?

American Grocer, June 22.

For some time there has been an active demand for time money, due to an apprehension that the large absorptions by the government would create an unusual stringency during August and succeeding months when money would be required to move the crops. We have the assurance from official sources that large disbursements will absorb a large proportion of the receipts, and that the anticipated withdrawal of currency will not be as large as some compute. It is estimated by government officials that the receipts from all sources during the months of June, July and August will amount to about $83,-000,000, and that the payments will be, during the same period, substantially as follows:

On account of interest	$12,000,000
For pensions	22,000,000
Through redemption of 3 per cent. bonds	6,000,000
Estimated payments from general and specific appropriations	35,000,000

This latter item is an estimate based on the theory that this year, as in the past, large payments will be made on account of appropriations which take effect on July 1, soon after the funds are available. Secretary Fairchild has given evidence that he appreciates the necessities of the situation, and it is generally believed that he will do all within his power to disburse, early in the fiscal year, as much as possible, the money appropriated by Congress. If this position is correct, then the absorption by the Treasury during the next three months will be about $17,000,000.

The plethora of money in European centers, and the large shipments made recently to this center, make it probable that in case of a stringency Europe can be relied upon to meet all our necessities, especially as interest rates this side are much higher than on the other. We have confidence that Secretary Fairchild will be able to deposit with banks, on the security of government bonds, and, if necessary, by purchases of bonds in the open market, any sum needed, the interest on the government debt a considerable portion of the $17,000,000 likely to be absorbed by the treasury. This presents a very much more satisfactory view of the situation than has been recently taken in Wall street.

During the past year there has been a large increase in the aggregate circulation in the treasury and in the hands of the people. Through the silver dollars and the issuance of silver certificates the amount has been increased about $52,000,000. It is estimated that there has been an increase of $28,000,000 in the amount of gold coin and certificates, and as the national bank notes have decreased about 25,000,000, we are justified in stating that there is much more circulation than one year ago, leaving out of consideration the fact that there are more legal-tender notes in the hands of the people by about $13,000,000 than there were last July.

The culmination of the speculation in wheat and coffee and the liquidation by the respective cliques will liberate many millions and produce a conservative spirit that augurs well for the future. A banker recently remarked, "The pricking of the wheat speculation and the upsetting of the coffee deal probably averted a serious panic the coming fall." With good crops and a better foreign demand for domestic products than last year there is every reason to look for an active fall trade, and the movements of the crops without serious embarassment through the operations of the United States treasury.

OUR GOLD AND SILVER.

Interesting Facts from the Report of the Director of the Mint.

The recent report of the director of the mint contains a great deal of interesting information in reference to the production of the precious metals and the circulation of money in the United States. The output of gold during 1885 showed a considerable increase, being $35,000,000 against $31,800,000 in 1885. The 1886 production has not been equalled since 1880. In the latter year the figures were $36,000,-000, from which there was a steady decline to $30,000,000 in 1885, and a steady rise to that from 1886 to the present figures for 1886. The output of silver showed a slight decrease—for the second time in six years. The figures are $51,000,000 for 1886, against $51,-600,000 for 1885. The 1883 figures also showed reaction of $600,000 as compared with those of 1882. But on the whole the production of silver during the past six years has shown a heavy increase, from $36,200,000 in 1880, to $51,000,000 in 1886. Among the gold and silver producing States, Colorado retains first rank, with a production of the value of $20,000,-000 for 1886. California yields 2d place to Montana with a production of 17,000,-000, against $10,000,000 by the former. The production of Nevada and New Mexico has decreased, while that of the other states and territories is about stationary. Texas for the first time figures as a silver-producer to the extent of $200,000. The coinage executed at the mints during 1886 amounted to $61,375,438. The value of the gold coinage was $28,945,542. The silver coinage amounted to $32,086,-709.90, while the "minor" coinage of copper, nickel, etc., amounted to $343,186.10. The number of standard silver dollars coined, 31,423,386, on which the seignorage (or rather the government's profit on the silver bullion) was $7,095,391.34. The director estimates the stock of gold and silver coin in the United States on January 1, 1887, to have been in round figures as follows: Gold, $360,000,000; silver, $324,000,000; silver bullion in the mints awaiting coinage, $7,000,000; gold, $81,400,000; total, $973,000,000. The total stock of both metallic and paper money in the country, the paper either redeemable in coin or secured by bonds, is estimated to have been on January 1, $1,879,919,935. The comparative stock of metallic and paper money per capita in France, United States, Great Britain and Germany is respectively $50.75, $31.86, $21.53; and $16.89.

WHERE TITLES WERE CHEAP.

Honors Conferred Upon a Poor Scotch Minister by St. Andrews' College.

It is about an old Scotch minister, who was very poor and very pompous. He lived in the old days in Scotland, when, on the payment of a small sum of money, the college of St. Andrews would give a man the degree of LL. D. Now, the old dominie had a servant, a faithful man, who had taken care of his bed and his board, his garden and his table for many a year. One day he called upon Jamie to come with him for a tramp to St. Andrews. And Jamie dutifully followed his master to the college and home again, having been a witness to the small negotiations of the two days' absence. On the morning following his return the dominie called Jamie to him and said:

"Listen, man; if anybody comes here in my absence and asks for the minister you will say: 'The doctor has gone to the kirk,' or 'the doctor has gone to the post,' or 'the doctor is visiting the sick of the parish.'"

"Very weel, sir," said Jamie, "an' may I make bold to ask you a favor, sir?"

"Yes, man," said the dominie, benignly.

"Weel, sir," said Jamie, "if anybody comes to ask for me, sir, will you kindly say that the doctor is scrubbin' the stable or makin' the kitchen fire? I just thought, sir, as the degree was so cheap at St. Andrews, I'd be for buyin' one for myself, too, sir."—*Boston Record.*

The Drive-Well Patent.

The recent decision of the Supreme court of the United States declaring valid the Green drive-well patent has caused considerable agitation among farmers who have been using wells made by driving pipe down to water veins. But if the report be true that $10 has been established by the owners of the patents as the royalty on common-sized wells, the levy upon well-owners in the name of the patentee will not cause serious hardship.

Yet the aggregate of collections for royalty will be large. It is stated that there are between 500,000 and 600,000 of these pipe wells now in use throughout the United States. At $10 each the patentee will gather in between $5,000,000 and $6,-000,000.

The fight for the Green patents has been a long and bitter one, but the fruits of the victory are seemingly ample enough to reimburse all expenditures of patience, time and money. The lawyers are the heaviest individual losers by the decision, as counsel on both sides have for years enjoyed a large revenue from the long-pending case.

Story of a Young Lady's Jaw.

A story from Springfield, O., duly avouched, says that while returning from a party a few nights ago some of the young folk were laughing and having a good time, when one of the company, a young lady, laughed so heartily at some joke that she dislocated her jaw. A young man rushed for the nearest doctor's office and took the physician with him to set the jaw. This was done in an instant, and the doctor left. He hardly got out of sight when the young lady commenced to laugh again and dislocated the jaw a second time. The young man who had gone to summon the doctor then essayed to set it, and as a result he dislocated the other side. He grew more frightened than ever and rushed off a second time for the doctor. The doctor came in an hour and the dislocation was corrected without further mishap.

A Distressing Experience.

Mr. R. S. B. Hatch, of Lebanon Springs, N. Y., a gentleman of eighty-two years of age, in a letter dated November 16th, 1885, says, "I suffered from liver complaint for thirty years, and could not obtain more than transient relief. Three years ago

I HAD A STROKE OF APOPLEXY

After this serious and nearly fatal setback I had less ability than before to contend against my chronic trouble. I had about made up my mind that no material aid was to be looked for. I was persuaded by my friends Mr. D. H. Rose, to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite remedy. Words cannot express how I rejoice at

The Providence that Led Me to

use this medicine, for my liver trouble is cured. My appetite is uniform. I digest my food without difficulty, and enjoy refreshing rest. I feel as youthful as a man may who, in the order of nature is and must be, so near his journey's end. Price One Dollar.

DR. D. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY,

Prepared at Rondout, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists

Send 2-cent stamp to Dr. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for illustrated book on how to cure Kidney, Liver and blood disorders. Mention this paper.

Vagaries of Georgery.

Mr. Henry George, having abandoned the part of a sincere and zealous, however wrong-headed, student of social affairs for that of a demagogue and "boss," it is, of course, to be wished that he should get rid of his influence in that capacity as rapidly as possible. His progress is as rapid as can reasonably be expected. Having, in the interest of labor, quarreled with the Roman Catholic church, he is now in the same interest quarreling with the leaders of the Irish cause. When he has disaffected the Roman Catholic Irishmen his party will consist exclusively of German socialists, for no Americans have ever taken his pretensions or his programme at all seriously.—*N. Y. Times.*

Modest Jersey Girls.

"You girls want the earth," said a New Jersey father, when one of his daughters asked him for $6 to buy a new jacket.

"No, papa," said the ingenious child of 20, "not the earth, only a new jersey."—*Trenton Emporium.*

Publishers' Column.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
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These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated every where in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

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Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

MISTRESS EMERGENCY.

XI.

So ended my summer's lessons, for the day following the last one given, a sudden summons brought my visit to a close, and I wended my way homeward. It seemed to me, as I stood gazing around during the last few moments of my stay, that a new leaf of my life had been turned over since I had first looked upon the scene before me. It is true that the mountain tops kissed the skies that bent over them just as they did in the early summer; that the valley stretched before us no more fair and beautiful than it did then; that the river which wound its way not far from the house danced and rippled no more merrily than it had weeks before, but yet I gazed upon it all through different eyes, or rather with a more intelligent sense of its beauty and glory. Doubtless many who read this with only a matter-of-fact thought of the fact that I had simply received practical lessons in the taking care of injured humanity, will not appreciate or understand my meaning. It was not that alone, but rather that I had come to realize more fully than ever before the value of self-government, and how much it has to do in making up the fullness and completion of the character of a true woman, and with that had come a broadening of my whole range of thought.

I have now but one more lesson to impart to my readers, and I think I can best give it to you as it was given to me, in the form of an experience, that could never be forgotten. It was that of a family living in the Far West, where, in the midst of the winter's cold, the wild blizzards come swooping down upon the unwary and make life almost impossible. You who live there and have passed through similar, if not quite so nearly fatal, experiences, will appreciate what was narrated to me one winter's evening, following the summer of which I have told you.

It was a cold night, one of the coldest of the season. The mercury had gone down to zero. The stars sparkled with that radiance peculiar to such an atmosphere, and the air seemed full of steel points that actually pricked the skin exposed to its action.

I remarked this to a friend, who had come in with a stranger from the land towards the setting sun, to spend the evening.

"You call this cold?" said the latter. "I suppose it may be, and yet it is so clear and so pleasant—there is such a lack of danger in it compared to what I have seen, that it seems hardly worth noticing. Doubtless a continued exposure, without warm clothing might bring about an experience similar in its consequences to one I can never forget, but I can not realize it now."

"Let us hear about it," said his friend.

"It was several years ago. Our home was a few miles from the nearest village, across a perfectly level plain, but the road was direct and easy to follow under all ordinary circumstances. My brother and I started, one day, a little after noon, to make some small purchases there, and as it was cold and the ground hard, we concluded to walk, a thing we had frequently done before. We were young and strong, the blood flowing vigorously through our veins, and we looked forward to our expedition with pleasure. There was nothing to fear except a storm, and there was not a cloud in sight as we said good bye and started away. The mountains were not far off, however, and they have a trick of nursing tempests in their bosom and then sending them howling down upon the plains below.

"We had a glorious walk, and reached town without a thought of fatigue. There we separated agreeing to meet an hour or two later for our homeward journey.

"I did not notice any change in the weather and I do not think my brother did, but when we were ready to set out upon our return, the sky was covered with cold, grey clouds, and the air was full of a cutting dampness that was very different from what it had been before. However, we were so accustomed to such things, that we started gally forward feeling, that we should soon get home where warmth and brightness were always sure to be found.

"About half of the distance was passed over, when suddenly, and without warning, it seemed as if the sky shut right down like a blanket, and we could not see the distance of the length of this room ahead."

"'My God, a blizzard is upon us!' exclaimed my brother. 'We shall have to fight for our lives now, and no mistake.'"

"Fight! I never dreamed what fighting was before. You spoke of the air seeming full of steel points to-night. There was no seeming about it then. They pierced through our clothing; they cut our faces; they absolutely blinded us, but with clasped hands—for we did not dare to risk the separation of even a few feet—we struggled on for what appeared hours."

"Suddenly my brother stopped."

"'We should be at home,' he said. 'Will, do you believe it is possible that we have strayed off from the road? If we have we shall never see mother's face again.'"

"It was exactly what we had done, as we became convinced after a moment's thought. And there was not a shadow of a chance of our finding the road, unless by accident, for darkness had mingled with the storm and there was absolutely nothing to guide us aright; yet we must go on, for to stop, even for a moment's rest would be fatal."

"Presently I became conscious that my brother's steps were growing slower, and he moved with effort. I dared not speak of it, but, holding his hand in a firmer clasp, dragged him onward. Suddenly he stopped."

"'I'm done out, Will,' he said. 'Go on without me, and perhaps you'll find the house soon. If you do, you can come back for me, you know,' and he sank down in the snow."

"'Don't be a fool, Jack,' I said, as roughly as I could, for I knew he must be aroused. 'Get up and come on. We must be almost home, now.'"

"It was all in vain. He ceased making he slighest effort, and I found my strength was not equal to lifting and carrying him onward. There was but one thing to be done. I must leave him there, and try to find home and help, or we must both die. Only imagine the horror of it! My own brother to die there in that terrible storm, to be frozen to death, and I utterly powerless to help him."

"Do you believe in the interference of a Providence, or of one's good angels, which is the same thing? Well, just as I started forward, suddenly as the storm came it ceased, leaving the air clear, and there, not but a few rods away was the house with lights gleaming from every window, set there in the forlorn hope that they might chance to pierce the gloom, and guide the wanderers home. As you may imagine, it did not take me long to reach that haven, summon help, and bear my brother, now entirely insensible, thither. The tracks showed that we had been going round and round in a circle for some time before he gave up, and it is very likely if the storm had not ceased, that I should have continued to do the same thing until I too succumbed to the terrible storm."

"Did your brother get well?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. Fortunately my mother knew exactly what to do for him, and though we had to work a long while we brought him back to life."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"We carried him into a perfectly cold room," he answered; "and laid him down upon a lounge, with only enough under his head to bring it up even with the body. Then we rubbed him from head to foot with snow for some time, changing again to flannel, but keeping every thing warm away from him. At last consciousness began to return, but we did not stop the rubbing until natural sensation was entirely restored."

"Didn't you give him any stimulant?"

"Not until he was perfectly himself, and then only a very small amount. But oh, how he did suffer. We had to give him anodynes in order that he should get some rest. Later on, when he could walk around the room, my mother used warm applications, but she said it was necessary to be very careful about it, or they would do him more harm than good."

"Then in cases of freezing or frost biting, cold applications are better than warm ones?"

"Always. We have had to learn that out in our country. To have taken my brother into a warm room, or used anything hot upon him would have been almost certain death. Until the circulation is restored to its normal condition, a cold room and cold applications must be the rule."

Before retiring that night, I made another entry in my note book under the head of "Freezing."

EMILY S. BOUTON.

To be continued.

Fancy Work and Household Decoration.

Chair Backs.—These may be made of various materials. They are used to slip over the backs of dining room chairs when delicate dresses are worn which are easily soiled. At summer watering places they are found a great convenience, and economy also.

Cut two pieces of linen of a size and shape to fit easily over an ordinary chair. Embroider them with a monogram upon each, bind them together with a gay-colored ribbon, and put bows upon each upper corner.

Another kind more showy and delicate is made of Swiss muslin etched with colors, or the muslin may be sprigged and used without etching, but trimmed with ribbons in the same way.

Buffet or Sideboard Covers.—Some one writes to know whether these should be allowed to drop over the front. It is better to have them only even to the edge, but long enough to hang down some distance at the sides. These covers should be made of some kind of linen. A strip can be fringed upon the ends and then a conventual border etched in colors. In the center etch a group of figures with or without a motto. Sometimes the figures are omitted, and a verse of some appropriate sentiment used instead.

Yellow Lilies and Humming Bird on White Velvet.—This design makes an effective panel framed without glass, or, after painting the mole-skin, may be mounted on a paper mache placque and framed in a crimson plush frame.

The cream-tinted mole-skin is the prettiest for this design, which is No. 485, size 9x12, price 25 cents. Stamp the design on goods, using black stamping powder. Then stretch over a drawing board, smooth board. Boards such as goods are rolled on in the dry goods stores are very useful for this purpose. One small bottle of turpentine, one red sable brush, No. 12, one bristle brush, No. 6, a round pointed brush, and the following tube oil colors: One tube lemon yellow, one tube light Cinnabar green, one tube chrome green, No. 1, mauve lake, one tube carmine, geranium lake, one bottle rich gold (lustra paint), one tube ivory black. Begin by painting the lilies, using the lemon yellow. The No. 12 brush must be "stubbed" for this work. Cut it on the edges, and at the point a little, until the edges and point are firm to the touch. Dip the brush in turpentine, then lightly in the lemon yellow, then on a piece of soft cloth, then lightly in the turpentine again, then apply brush thus prepared with light, even strokes to the design. The petals of this lily and tips of the buds are painted with the lemon yellow. The stems and leaves are painted in the two shades chrome and zinnaber green, preparing the brush as directed. Paint one application of the cream of lilies with the brown madder, using a No. 2 brush, if you have it, for this purpose. The humming bird may be painted thus: The tail should be done first a stroke of brown madder, then a stroke of Mauve lake. The bird is small, and it would be well to use a No. 6 red sable brush, cut until very thin. The throat and breast is red—this is painted with Geranium lake—leaving a narrow ring around the throat unpainted, the goods forming the proper shade. The bill is purplish black mauve lake, to which a touch of ivory black has been added, will make this. The eye should also be this color, with a ring of brown madder around it. Paint the wings and back with chrome green, afterwards retouching with small, transverse stripes on the wings of the rich gold (lustra paint). An occasional touch of this on the throat also adds to the effect.

Questions in regard to painting answered if accompanied by a stamped envelope for reply.—E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Ind.

To Crystalize Grasses.—I saw a request for directions to crystalize grasses. Here is a good way. Take as much water as is necessary, put in as much alum as the water will dissolve. When it will take no more, pour it into an earthen jar and boil it slowly until evaporated nearly one-half. Now suspend the grasses in such a manner that the tops will be under the solution. Put the whole in a cool place where not the least draught of air or motion will disturb the formation of crystals. In 24 or 36 hours take out the grasses and let them harden in a cool room. Beautiful blue crystals can be made by preparing blue vitriol in the same manner. Gold colored crystals can be produced by adding turmuric to the alum solution and a rich purple by adding a few drops extract of logwood to clear solution.—MAUDE.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—d c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; e t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sl c, short crochet.

Knitted Moss Border.—This may be used for a variety of articles: border for toilet and lamp mats, cushions, etc., etc. The odds and ends of one's work-basket may be used up in this way for a pretty foot mat, to be used before the bed. Knit the pieces as they chance to come, hit and miss, and sew on a foundation after steaming.

Cast on enough stitches for double the width required, say twenty, and knit very tightly in plain knitting, row by row, until a sufficient length has been obtained. Bind off and place the strip on a sieve over a basin of boiling water and cover it over. When it is absorbed the steam and while wet, iron it with a hot iron, cut the strip down the center, and ravel the wool on each side. The curling of the wool gives it a resemblance to moss, which is very pretty.

Knitted Tidy.—Cast 35 stitches for each pattern, and 6 more (three for each edge) for the edges. "Edge" means knit three on each edge every time across. Seventy-six stitches would do for a tidy, provided the yarn was coarse, and the border wide; otherwise add 35 more. Seam back after every given row. Knit twice across plain, before knitting the first row. 1st row—Edge—k 2—o—k 3—o—k 1—o—k 2—n—k 4—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—k 1—o—k 2—n—edge. 3d row—Edge—n—k 2—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—k 3—o—k 2—n—k 2—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—k 3—o—k 3—edge. 5th row—Edge—n twice—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—k 5—o—k 2—n twice—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—k 5—o—k 3—edge. 7th row—Edge—k 2—o—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—k 2—n—k 4—n—k 2—o—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—k 2—n—k 5—edge. 9th row—Edge—k 3—o—k 3—o—n—o—n—o—k 2—n—k 2—n—k 2—o—k 3—o—n—n—o—n—o—k 2—n—k 2—n—edge. 11th row—Edge—k 3—o—k 5—o—n—o—n—o—k 2—n twice—k 2—o—k 5—o—n—o—n—o—k 2—n twice—edge. 12th row—Seam across (knit edges), then commence with number one again, etc.

Dame Fashion's Voice.

The underskirts of dresses are made without flouncings or ruffles around the bottom. Sometimes a narrow plaiting of braid is put upon the edge, or if the dress is of two materials, a narrow plaiting of that like the overdress is used.

Very broad sashes are considered extremely stylish and often form all of the back drapery.

The underskirt is frequently made of wide side plaitings running the whole length of skirt.

Basques are very short upon the hips. Round waists with belts are used in thin summer goods.—ED.

Correspondence.

CHICKEN CHAT—(No. 4.)—In answer to an inquiry which appeared in the Farm department of the BLADE, on June 2, let me say that the disease among fowls known as scaly legs, is caused by minute insects which burrow under the scales of the legs and feet, and soon makes them rough bunchy and unsightly, and eventually cripples the fowls thus afflicted.

There are several good remedies for scaly legs, but none more quickly effective than clear coal oil. Take an old tin that is five or six inches deep, fill it nearly full of coal oil, dip the fowl's legs into the oil clear up to the hock joint and hold them there two or three minutes, so that the oil will have time to penetrate beneath the scales and kill the insects. Three applications with an interval of two or three days between, will usually effect a cure. It is not necessary to add anything to the coal oil, the oil alone will do the work; and don't attempt to hurry matters by rubbing or scraping the scales off either before or after using the oil; but after you have quit using the oil, and the scales begin to fall off, just rub the legs carefully every day with melted lard, or sweet oil, until they are smooth and well. This disease is "catching;" therefore as soon as you notice any unusual roughness on the legs or feet of one of your flock you should attend to it at once, else the whole flock will soon be affected, and if many of your flock have the disease you should, besides treating those whose legs are already rough and bunchy, give at least one application of the coal oil to every fowl in the flock; also wet the roosting perches with coal oil.—FANNY FIELD.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.—No. 18.—Each generation of men and women, as it passes on with the ever rolling years, is compelled, by stern necessity, by an inexorable and unchangeable law to work for the succeeding generation, for those who are to follow after them, and fit their places; and the well being of the generation to come depends much upon the sacred performance of the sacred duties designed by an unalterable decree to those who are now walking onward to the eternity that is yet to be. Mother, you do not wish to think at some future time, "My ignorance and inefficiency caused my baby's death. Had I known what to do and what to leave undone he might have lived." The sorrow brought by the loss of a darling child is more, I sometimes think, than humanity is able to bear without anything of self reproach; and when that is added, it embitters life. When your son or your daughter become wrecks upon life's ocean and their life-barks sinks in an angry and wrathful sea, while you shed scalding tears, you do not withhold reflection, nor anything of like nature: "It is all my own fault, the result of my neglect of duty. Had I walked as I should before them, these sorrows would never have fallen upon me, neither would wretchedness and dishonor have found place amongst my loved ones." Many have sunk into premature graves under such reflection.

* * * * * * * * *

Then, mother, arise and work. Do your duty; nothing less and—nothing more. There is danger of overdoing, of making yourself a slave for your children to your own as well as their injury. Your duties are imperative and unceasing. Doubtless you may sometimes find yourself in a narrow place when you will feel as if there was a wall on each side of you, and a flaming sword before you.

But God rules to-day as yesterday, and as he will forever; and he has promised wisdom and strength to those who ask. And Jesus of Nazareth says: "My grace is sufficient for thee." Then call upon him in the bright hour and in the dark hour, in prosperity and in adversity. * * *

It is necessary for a mother to know how to treat the little ailments of the baby, for it may be taken sick when she is alone and medical advice out of her reach. The croup is one of the foes of child life, and it demands immediate attention. A delay of a few hours may place it beyond the reach of aid, and the baby may sink under the attack when it need not if simple measures are used. Sometimes I have known cases in which the juice of an onion has proved of great efficiency; and that can almost always be had, and it is always safe to administer—will not injure the baby under any circumstances. Roast the onion and press out the juice, sweeten with sugar, and the baby will swallow it without complaint. They usually like it. Dr. Yonman says in cases of croup speedy action is important. He also says, "Cut an onion in thin slices; between them put brown sugar and let it dissolve; a teaspoonful of the syrup will give instant relief." The cramp usually comes on gradually, and its symptoms are those of a common cold; that is the reason perhaps that it is often neglected until too late. He says again, "That the best treatment is by water. Put cold wet cloths upon the throat and upper part of the chest, covered warmly by flannel, over the cloth. Change them often. Keep the wet cloths on till the inflammation is subdued. The moment a mother observes croupy symptoms in a child from 12 years—the especially croupy ages—she should keep the child in her own room, by her own side, day and night, not allowing it for a moment to go outside of the door, keeping it comparatively warm, so that no chilliness or draught of air shall come over it. Light food should be eaten; no meats, hot breads or berries. The whole body, and feet especially, should be kept warm all the time." Now, in addition to what I have copied from his writings, I would say bathe the feet in warm water, and after bathing wrap them well in warm flannels. Now I have given directions that any mother can follow, and that she is safe in following, and if she should do so at the time that the doctor comes the child will be well.

It is a nice thing to know just when our duty is done and stop there, for we can err by doing too much as well as by doing too little; and I have sometimes thought that in going beyond our duty we could commit a greater and more serious error than by leaving a part undone.

A mother once made of herself a willing slave for her children, working early and late, sparing herself in no way, indulging them to almost any extent, till she fainted beneath the self-imposed burden. Her nervous system was deranged, and she became despondent; lost faith and hope; despaired of the mercy of God and said that she had committed the unpardonable sin; and her neighbors knowing of the course which she had pursued, thought it possible. Again, a woman who was the mother of three little girls, overtasked, perhaps, and neglected herself till she induced illness that ultimately proved fatal. Her thoughts had been only of her family duties, and she had made no preparation for her final change; neither did she make any during her sickness. The only lucid interval allowed by her sufferings she spent telling how she proposed to make her children's dresses, and how she should—MOSS ROSE, Science Hill, Pulaski Co., Ky.

STUFFING AND MOUNTING BIRDS.—First get the bird, then part the feathers on the breast and cut through the skin from breast bone to vent, but be very careful not to cut any deeper than the skin. Turn the bird head toward you and skin the left (to you) leg. For amateurs it is most convenient to break the leg close to the body—to the knee and cut it off, then turn the bird tail toward you and skin the right leg. (If the wings are in the way break them close to the body.) Next pull the skin over the tail and cut the tail-bone off. Be careful and not cut the skin. Skin the back to the wings and skin them to the second joint, then to the head.

Too much pains cannot be taken in skinning the head. The ears are the first to come. Pull them out or cut them close to the head. The next is the eyes. Skin them slowly and don't cut the lid or stretch it. Skin to the bill.

The next thing on the docket is curing the skin. Cut the neck off close to the head, take out the brains and eyes and cover with arsenic or a preparation—made as follows: Arsenic 1 lb.; alum, 3 ozs.; camphor, powdered, 3 ozs.; corrosive sublimate, 3 ozs. Rub the skin over with the preparation. Fill the eye sockets with putty and turn the skin back.

The next is the body. Take a piece of wire the length of the bird's tail included, and bend one end over (in hairpin shape,) about 1½ inches, according to the size of the bird. Then wind on tow until it is the same size as the body and wind with strong cord until it is firm. Insert it in the neck of the skin and straight through the top of the head. Bring the skin over the body and sew it together; then take two wires about the length of the leg, body and 2 or 3 inches over; insert it in the bottom of the foot inside the bone, push it up through until it is firm in the body, put it on the pedestal and then in the natural position, put the wings in their position and wire them, (if you have a canary study two positions—for the hardest part is mounting), then shape the head as it ought to be, and put in the eyes (artificial) and after you have practiced you may be able to put up a bird as well as any one.

This is in reply to several inquiries. If it is not plain I will endeavor to make it so another time. Now I would like to ask a favor and that is to correspond with some good taxidermist in the Southern and Western States.—CLARENCE W. BIRCH, Calon, Mich.

SEVERAL THINGS.—Mrs. J. W. Loomis wants to know if any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD ever received the pink seed offered by Mrs. M. L. Coder. I must speak one word in that lady's defense by saying, "I did, and they are growing nicely." I did not get my seed for five or six weeks after sending stamp, but never thought of censuring her, as I knew what her experience would be, for I once made an offer through the HOUSEHOLD, and dear me! I thought the whole universe had risen up to take my offer.

"Sunny Kansas," I suppose you must feel better since you relieved your mind about those strips of muslin around juicy pies. Now I claim to be as neat as the "common run" of housekeepers, and I also use those detested strips; though I never either "run to the rag sack or hunt up the scorched strips used the week before." And now dear sister, let me tell you a little secret that perhaps you don't know. A neat housekeeper always has clean muslin pieces outside of her rag sack. I have also tried wetting the crusts as you direct but never could make it work.

Has the "pocketbook" question been settled to every one's satisfaction? I was very much interested in the letters on that subject, but am fortunate enough to possess a "John" who is always willing to let me have half the money (and the largest half too, if needed.) I always try to spend it judiciously, and he is not afraid to trust it in my hands.

"Moss Rose," my 7-months'-old boy loves to be tossed to the ceiling, and will laugh and crow all the while. The rougher he is handled the better he likes it, and he is as strong and healthy a child as one would wish to see.—MRS. J. C. JONES, Sylvania, O.

Inquiries.

Will some of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD please send directions for making a gentleman's scarf, the kind that is made on the large wooden needles preferred; also tell how much yarn it takes for same?—BROWN EYES.

Will some one tell me how to make a crocheted skirt that is gored towards the top; not narrowed, but gored, and not made in widths separately?—B. A. M., Antelope, Sac County, Cal.

Will some of the BLADE readers give a remedy which will destroy thread worms?—NEW COMER.

Will some one inform me what will take blueing out of linen? Will some one please tell me what will cure perspiration of the palms of the hands, or what is better still, a sure prevention of the same? Will some one please inform me what will cure pimples on the face?—AMETHYST.

In my book of instructions for knitting the word "fagot" is used in several places, and I do not know what it means. Will some one explain. Could you give me instructions for crocheted hood for a little girl of three years?—MRS. S. Y., Colorado.

Will some one give a good way to prepare coal tar to make good roof paint?—SUBSCRIBER.

Would some reader give me a cure for nervous sick headache?

If any of the HOUSEHOLD can give me directions for a varnish to varnish water colors on papers, I will appreciate it very much indeed.—N. B., Elwood, Ind.

Will the lady who has the marble vine seed, give her address through this column? She gave her name, but address was omitted. Also, the lady who asked if pillow-shams are still in style. She asks if I would like to have a sample of her pillow-sham pattern. Her address is omitted in the letter containing the flower seeds. For the benefit of those inquiring, will state that I received my flower seeds of Mrs. Coder.—MRS. C. A. MAVIS, Defiance, O.

If "Mrs. J. B. S." will be kind enough to mail that recipe for catarrh, of which she made mention in the HOUSEHOLD of June 2, to P. O. box 1,116, Hillsdale, Mich., she will greatly oblige Mrs. W. P. S.

Answers to Inquiries.

We frequently have requests to publish some recipe a second time because a paper has been lost. Should we oblige all in this way, our "Recipes" would be simply a repetition of the same thing over and over. It is impossible to repeat unless the same one is called for by a number of persons, and then the date of the issue (or somewhere near it) in which it was contained must be given, as we have not leisure to go back through the files to find it.—ED.

A circular from the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., states that silk cocoons will be purchased there from the states bordering upon the Gulf of Mexico at any time after the first of July, and from all other parts of the country after the first of October. Any one interested in silk culture should address Hon. Norman J. Colman, U. S. Commissioner of Agriculture, Washington, D. C, for circular of instructions.—ED.

Will some one tell what the word "picot" means in directions for crochet work.—E. A. H.

It is a stitch made as follows: *Crochet four chain stitches; throw the cotton over the needle and pass the needle downwards through the left half of the first chain stitch; throw the cotton over the needle and pull it through the chain loop; throw the cotton again over the needle and pass it through the first two loops on the needle; throw the cotton again over the needle and pass it through the two remaining loops. The four chain stitches form the arch of the "picot." Repeat from.*

This question has been asked a number of times, and we hope the answer will be preserved.—ED.

Please tell me what right of the press was established by the failure to convict the publishers of the "Junius" letters?—R. G.

The right to criticise public men and measures.—ED.

Would say to Mrs. J. B. S., I have been a member of the Chautauqua school of fine arts since May, 1885, and find it to be an excellent art school. Have taken lessons from several teachers, but have found none who teach the principles of art as thoroughly as Prof. Fowler, of the "C. S. F. A." The membership last year numbered 2,000. I may write, but belong to the Chautauqua Art circle, would be glad to hear from them.—H. M. D., Brownsville, Mo.

I saw an inquiry in the BLADE asking how to pack eggs for winter use. I was tempted to send my recipe which I have tried and found good. Take one pint of white lime and one of salt to as much water as will cover a four-gallon crock full of eggs. Keep where they will not freeze. To one who signs "A Subscriber," I would say, a cure recommended for dandruff is, an application to the skin of the head of hog's lard, in which has been mixed a little sulphur.—J. W., Plaingrove, Pa.

Recipes.

Brewer's Yeast.—In BLADE of March 24, "Mrs. G. H. S." asks for recipe for brewer's yeast. I have a good one which I will send, but do not know whether it is called brewer's yeast or not. It is this: 1 quart mashed potatoes; 1 cupful sugar; ½ cupful salt; large tablespoonful ginger; good handful hops. Add to potato and hop water boiling water until you have a gallon, all ingredients added. When cool enough, add 1 pint good yeast to start with. After standing a couple of days, cork tight in a jug and keep in a cool place. Please try and report.—PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER.

Canned Milk.—(For Mrs. C. Smith.) Bring the milk to the boiling point and fill your jars to the brim, and exclude air. This will keep any length of time, and be as good when opened as when put up.

To Can Green Corn.—Take 2½ ozs. of tartaric acid, and dissolve in 1 pt. of water; cut the corn from the cob, measure and boil in water. When it begins to boil good, add 1 tablespoonful of acid to 1 pint of corn; stir through well and can. When opened, drain off the liquid, (if preferred); add 1 teaspoonful of soda to every 3 pts. of corn; cook in sweet milk, and season with butter, salt and pepper.

Preserving Corn.—Take the corn when sufficiently matured for table use, remove the husk, and boil it nearly as much as for present table use; let it cool, and cut from the cob; take any sized stone jar, and put a layer of salt ½ an inch deep, and a layer of corn 2 inches deep; pack closely, as the layers are repeated until the jar is full, the top layer being salt; tie a cloth over the jar and set away. This will not form a brine, and will only take a certain amount of salt. To prepare for use: Soak over night, and in the morning the corn will come out fresh over again for a short time. Stew and season in usual way and serve for dinner.—E. R.

I wish to publicly thank Mrs. L. M. Coder for her kindness in sending pink seeds from which I have a fine lot of plants, and to ask the BLADE sisters to exercise charity.—MRS. E. H. MARSH.

Tincture Geranium.—Take geranium leaves and place, without pressing them, in a common bottle. Pour some good spirits of wine upon them; close the bottle and let stand till required for use.—X. Y.

Catarrh.—After trying several other remedies, I took one given in the BLADE about two years ago by a Miss L. This is it: Take a teaspoonful of vasaline; put into it 1 drop of the oil of peppermint; mix well; rub on forehead and bridge of nose; put a little on the end of finger, insert into each nostril as far as possible, snuffing up as well. Use nasal douche, with warm salt and water, whenever head is stopped up. I cured myself in three weeks.—MRS. L.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

ST. PAUL, NEB.	Mary E Porter	Edith Hawkins
Lettie J Smith	John F Porter	Edson Hawkins
Flora A Smith	Perry Neff	Blanche Mason
Margaret M Smith	Wm Neff	Charlie Beach
Chas B Smith	Geo W Neff	Bert Beach
Harry S Smith	Anna W Neff	FRONTIER, MICH.
Wm B Smith	Elizabeth Neff	Johnnie H Louse
Jakie Smith	Gracie M Neff	ST. LOUIS, MO.
Rose A Smith	Cora J Sparks	Lily Roswick
Frank W Wagner	Francis F Leach	HOUGH AND
M E Wagner	Wm H Leach	READY, CALA.
Mary J Smith	Lily B Leach	May Miller
Ida M Smith	Laura Leach	Chas Miller
Maud L Ham	Rosa Leach	Frank Miller
Orvis R Ham	EAST OTTO, N. Y.	Minnie Morrill
Nellie V Ham	Nettie Richmeier	Alice Morrill
Geo M Ham		F Bertholomew

Names this week, 44. Total, 19,775.

The above embraces all names received up to June 16.

PARVULA.

A tiny, tiny little bud,
With flaxen curls and eyes of blue;
And arch and ever-smiling lips,
That rival roses in their blue.

A tiny, tiny little trot,
With pattering, restless, active feet;
With arms held out, as she her "dad"
Across the floor starts forth to meet.

A tiny, tiny little grave,
Where, hidden from our loving sight,
Our darling sleeps beneath the turf,
O'er-sprinkled with the daisies white.

A little, little span of time,
And we to her, we trust, shall go;
Where all Earth's tears are wiped away,
And none shall grief or sorrow know.

—*All the Year Round.*

POOR AUNT POLLY.

Cora stood at the ivy-draped window, watching with much interest the zigzag and erratic progress of the letter-carrier. A jolly young person was this gray-coated servitor of Uncle Sam, as he flew up door-steps, and darted through gate-ways.

Cora was inclined to laugh at him, only her tendency toward hilarity was somewhat tempered by anxiety to see if he showed any signs of honoring the house with a call.

At last she saw him drop a thin letter at the Browns's, and, while their bell was still tinkling, he came quickly to her door-steps. She ran down stairs, and found in his hands not one, but two, letters.

The first, bearing her own name, was a dainty affair, with the faint odor of violets clinging to its creamy folds. The other, in a somewhat soiled envelope, was directed to her mother. She tore open her own letter, her eyes bright with expectancy.

It was from Judge Andrews's daughter. The delicate perfume, the tiny forget-me-not in the corner, which Violet always affected, told her that. As she read, her color deepened, and a look of delighted surprise chased all the anxiety out of her face.

"Are you going to keep anything so very pleasant all to yourself?" asked Mrs. Hammond, who, quite unnoticed, had entered the room.

"No indeed, Mother!" said Cora, "I would not be so selfish. My letter is from Violet Andrews. Europe has not spoiled her, she is just her old self, and has written to invite me, not only to the party, but to spend a week with her the same as of old."

"How very kind!" cried Mrs. Hammond, with quick motherly interest in her daughter's delight. She was conscious of a little pardonable pride in the fact that Cora who had few of the advantages so liberally bestowed upon her wealthier neighbor, had yet always been her chosen friend and companion.

"Well, my dear," said she, "in that case, I think, you'd better at once attend to your dress, for you know her house is full of company, and you wish to look as well as possible."

"That was just what I was thinking about," interrupted Cora. "Now Violet can go to Europe, and come back to her old friends, just her own sweet self; but it is different with me, I cannot bear prosperity. It makes me high and grasping," as Aunt Polly says. While this morning I was quite contented with my wardrobe—I believe I considered it rather fine; but now, thinking of Violet's Paris dresses, and that great house full of strangers, it seems almost shabby; and, mother, I do want—I actually long for—a silk gown."

Mrs. Hammond's face fell. "I cannot blame you dear," she said, "you need one nice silk; and yet, I hardly see how I can afford it. Violet knows our circumstances, and if she thought your plain dresses would bring discredit upon herself, or discomfort to you, I do not think she would have given you the invitation."

"Violet has a mind above dress," said Cora, laughing, "she hardly knows silk from calico, but for some of her guests it may not be like her. I thought if you knew my wishes, you might be able to evolve a dress out of your inner consciousness, by means of some new and original economy. You know, mother, that you are forever performing domestic miracles, and one gets in time to expect great things of a household wizard."

"There is not much legerdemain about my frugality," said Mrs. Hammond, with a smile. "I will think about that silk, however, and perhaps it may not be among the impossibilities. I may find some way to make even that a possibility."

"You darling mother!" cried Cora, springing up in delight, and pledging from her lap the forgotten yellow envelope. "Oh, there is your letter!" said she. "Who knows but it is full of money?"

Mrs. Hammond opened it, and read the contents with a pained, indignant face. "It is from poor Aunt Polly," she said, at last. "Jared has thrown her on the town. She would not stay in the poorhouse, and is coming to us. She writes a frightened, pitiful letter; I hardly know what to do."

"Then I will tell you, mother; send her back to Uncle Jared; it is his duty to look after her, and he is amply able."

"That is just it," said Mrs. Hammond; "it is simply a question of duty, not of legal responsibility. No one can compel him to burden his household with a poor woman unless he is willing to do so. Grandfather understood that Aunt Polly was to have a home there as long as she lived. I do not see how Jared could be so unjust as to send her away. He must have been over-persuaded by his new wife. I have heard that she was high-tempered and domineering, not at all the kind of person to get along with a queer, old body like Polly."

"Well, I do not see why you are to blame for Uncle Jared's meanness," persisted Cora, "or why we ought to suffer by it. We can only just manage to keep our heads above water; a permanent visitor would surely swamp us."

"We will not talk any more about it, at present," said Mrs. Hammond, quietly. "When she comes, we will give her a welcome, seeing that is about all we have to offer, and, perhaps, in time, Jared may come to his better self, or some kind providence open a way whereby she may be provided for. I could not eat or sleep in comfort, if I knew that poor Aunt Polly was ending her busy days in a workhouse."

"I am sure," began Cora, "I have not forgotten how she called you, 'a high-headed, extravagrant critter,' she is a disagreeable, meddlesome old"—

"Cora!"

Perhaps half a-dozen times in her life, Cora had heard that ring of indignation in her gentle mother's voice. It silenced her instantly.

"She is your grandfather's widow, she is poor and unfortunate, therefore, she demands, at least, respectful treatment. In this house she must receive it. Now, please run upstairs and get your blue dress, I think it needs some alteration."

That afternoon Aunt Polly arrived. She brought a curious old trunk, covered with faded horse-hair, and gaudily spangled with polished brass nail heads. She has come determined to stay, thought Cora, with a little shiver of apprehension, and mother is too tender hearted ever to send her away.

The memory of some pretty plain speaking, in which the heart of Aunt Polly had always delighted, and sundry, childish recollections, more or less unpleasant in character, greatly dulled her sympathy for the unfortunate lady.

People ought not to make themselves thoroughly detestable and, then expect affection in return, she thought, going down stairs, in answer to her mother's somewhat imperative summons.

Her heart softened, however, in spite of herself, when she saw that Polly. She had expected to meet the keen-eyed, active, aggressive little woman, of two years before; she found a bent, feeble, frightened creature, panting and trembling with fatigue and excitement.

She helped her mother take off the thin shawl, the shabby bonnet, the queerly darned gloves, and then hurried into the kitchen to make the cup of tea, which she knew would be most grateful to the wearied traveler.

Aunt Polly's advent made less change in the little household than might have been expected. She seemed content to lie and sleep in her own room most of the time, glad to be away from her late pauper surroundings, and doubly glad to be out of reach of the sharp tongue of Jared's second wife.

"Poor Polly seems completely broken down," said Mrs. Hammond one afternoon when she and Cora were alone. "I think she cannot live long, and I wish I might make her last days comfortable, but I hardly know my duty."

"Can we afford it?" asked Cora; "I am willing to do what I can to make her happy."

"I had made up my mind that a silk for you was possible," answered her mother, looking the other way and sewing very fast.

There was silence. Cora's eyes filled, and one or two tears dropped upon the old bunting that was renewing its youth under her skilful fingers.

"She is no relation of mine," ventured the girl at last.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

Silence again, broken, after a time, by Cora. "She used to call me 'a bothering young one.' She never did me a kindness in her life."

"If ye do good to them who do good to you, what thank have ye?'" said her mother, softly.

By-and-by Cora dropped her work, and with a quick burst of tears hid her head in her mother's lap. "Let her stay," she sobbed, "let her stay. I am willing, but I never, never can love her; and nobody knows how I did want that dress!"

"Yes, somebody knows!" answered her mother, stroking with loving hands the bowed head. "Mother knows; and, dear, I could not bear to ask this sacrifice of you, if I did not feel that all your heart and life would grow nobler and sweeter in the effort."

When Cora took up her old bunting, it fairly seemed to shape itself in dainty folds beneath her fingers. With its garniture of lace, its many cherry bows, it looked fine enough, she felt sure, even for Judge Andrew's stately parlors.

How Aunt Polly found out her heart's desire, Cora could not imagine, but, strangely enough, the very next day the old lady crept into the sewing-room with a pretty, ancient-looking dress, of pink brocaded silk thrown over her arm.

"It was my wedding gown, dear. "Sixty years ago," said she, "when I married Providence Wetherell, we were a handsome couple, people said, and my dress was the talk of the town; for silk was silk in those days, and cost a mint of money. I was only a bride one little month, and then my husband never were it afterwards. If it will be of any service to you, I shall be very glad indeed." Then she sat down, trembled a little, and began to cry.

Cora was just going vehemently to refuse to accept a gift which she saw was little less than sacred in those old eyes, but her mother, coming quickly forward, silenced her with a gesture.

"I

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

PRUNING APPLE TREES—RAISING ONIONS FROM SEED.—C. H. PRICE, Milligan, East Tennessee: The time for trimming or pruning apple trees varies with the climate. However, in most localities they may be pruned at any time between the fall of the leaf in the autumn and its reappearance in the spring. This may always be done safely in the South and Southwest. We think, however, that it is best all things considered to prune in the spring before the growth has commenced. When large limbs are removed, the wound should be covered with linseed oil and lead paint, or grafting wax.

To raise onions from the seed, the ground should be plowed in the fall. Before plowing, at least 20 cart-loads of well-rotted manure should be spread over the ground to the acre. This should be plowed under to the depth of about five inches. In the spring the ground should be thoroughly harrowed before sowing the seed. The manure should be well-rotted, so that it may be all turned under. About six pounds of seed should be sown to the acre. This should, if possible, be put in with a seed-drilling machine, in rows, at a distance of fifteen inches apart, leaving one every ninth row for an alley. Sow early and harvest about August, at which time the sets will be about the size of hickory nuts, or less. These sets are housed and dried until the next spring, when they should be planted in rich soil, well pulverized, and three inches apart, and in drills nine inches apart. The smallness of what many people call "little onions" does not indicate that they will not produce large onions. On the contrary, the smallest ones are preferred by many growers. We cannot tell you the best way to get rid of blue grass. Perhaps some one of the Southern readers of the BLADE FARM can tell.—ED.

A. J., Little Sioux, Iowa—The horse you speak of died of stomach staggers. It was the result of indigestion with resultant engorgement of the stomach. The indigested food causes a distended condition of the stomach. All food should have been removed from the horse for 48 hours. In such cases give internally the following ball: Barbadoes aloes, one ounce; pulverized ginger two drahms; croton oil six drops. Mix with molasses and give in the usual manner. Injections of soap and water should be given until the bowls are open. Two drachms of the extract of belladonna disolved in a pail of water, given to drink once a day for a week will prove beneficial. Food should be given sparingly. No corn should be given to the animal at any time after such an attack. ED.]

B. H. H., Marysville, Kansas—To get parsnip seed in perfection, take a parsnip that has remained over winter in the ground, and when it begins to sprout in the spring, dig it up and set it in rich, sandy loam. As to radishes, let the hardiest-looking stand when they spring from the seed, and they will produce the best.

R. W. G., Vandalia, Mich.—Your horse has a disease called thrush. You must stop working him for several days. The first thing to do will be to clean the stall thoroughly. Let no urine enter the feet. Next give him a dose of aloes. After this, wash the feet well with soap and water, and clean the seat of the disease well and fill the cleft with powdered sulphate of copper and fill up with tow, or cotton if the former cannot be had, so as to keep out all dirt. Repeat as often as necessary, until the cure is complete. If there seems to be anything wrong with the horse after the thrush is cured, write and describe the symptoms. In reference to heaves, some writers attribute it to functional derangement of the digestive organs, others to rupture of the air cells of the lungs, while others to a spasmodic action of the diaphragm. A confirmed case of heaves is incurable. Give internally every night one of the following powders: Sulphate of copper and pulverized ginger, of each one ounce; pulverized gentian root, two ounces. Divide into 16 powders.

M. F. Fowler, Wisconsin—If your young turkeys dabbled in the wet grass, or got wet during a rain, to this you may trace their death. They get chilled with resultant diarrhea. Too much grass will cause laxativeness. After a young turkey gets diarrhea it has a very slim chance of life. As soon as a young turkey is seen to have diarrhea it should be confined in a dry place. When a flock is attacked take eight or ten tablespoonsful of flour. Place in a pan and put a piece of the sheep's tallow the size of a hen's egg in it. Put the pan over the fire and brown the flour a deep brown, but do not burn it. Take it out of the pan and mix in it a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, and 50 drops each of laudanum and camphor. Mix all together in a coarse paste with water, and feed to the turkeys, letting each have not more than a teaspoonful three times a day. If they are in no condition to eat, the mixture may be made in to liquid form and fed. A remedy given in the book "Practical Turkey Raising," is: Give a half teaspoonful dose of tincture of rhubarb at night, and the next morning a small pill made of equal parts of cayenne, powdered chalk and rhubarb, wet up with enough camphor to mould it into shape. Give pills once or twice a day until the patients are better. Feed rice and stale bread and give scalded milk.

H. R. H., Pennsylvania.—Gape worms may be taken from the fowl by putting a small timothy had head down their throat, and giving it a turn. The small end of a feather may be used for the same purpose. Whichever is used, a little coal oil should be put on the timothy or feather before inserting. A remedy is given as follows: Take two quarts of cracked corn, two tablespoonfuls of wood ashes, sifted, and one tablespoonful of the best ground pepper. Mix the whole and scald it. Feed often—about once every three or four hours. For the hard lump on your horse's leg, fluidfolde of mercury one drachm, and lard one ounce. Mixed well and rubbed in every night will disperse it. A free watery discharge is produced. However we advise you to let the lump alone if it does not show symptoms of increasing in size. For the callous made by the bridle, rub petroleum on regularly every night for a month. If there are dead pieces of skin, the only way will be to dissect them out and apply carbolic acid one drachm, lard three ounces. If the bridle has no irritating effect, you had better not use anything on the spot.—ED.

S. F. B., Atcheson, Kansas:—For the filly that was cut on a pointed wire, and which you discovered several days afterward, all that was necessary was, first, to take a sponge and wash the wound, completely removing all foreign substances. The next thing would be to take of powdered alum half an ounce; sugar of lead, one ounce; water, one pint; mix it thoroughly and take a feather and wash the wound clear to the bottom. After this had been done for two days, the wound might have been brought together with heavy sticking plaster, leaving a place for the pus to escape. The chalk and camphor used were of little use. The best thing you can now do is to poultice the parts, and work in with the above formula. But very few birds would eat poisoned worms, as they shrivel up and are not an inviting morsel. It would be a good thing if about a million sparrows would eat worms that would kill them. They are becoming a great pest to farmers.

S. J. HEDGES, Nebraska,—We cannot give you the information you wish regarding the lumps that are both on the outside and inside of your cow's jaw. It may be an abnormal growth where the jaw is not affected; or the jaw bone may be involved. If you can determine this we shall advise you what to do. A personal examination in such cases is necessary. It may be that by poulticing and lancing the outside and with chloride of zinc, one drachm; water, one pint, the cow will be cured; but if the jaw is injured different treatment is necessary.

J. B. Beadel, Dak.—Your cow has garget. There are several ways by which she may be benefitted, but the best we believe is to at once mix a half pound of salts and a cupful of molosses together and put it in a quart of luke warm water. Give this as a cathartic. After it has operated put an ounce and a half of saltpetre in her drinking water morning and evening. Do not give more water than will barely quench her thirst. Feed dry food, such as does not produce milk. Draw the milk frequently. Rub the whole of the udder with powdered camphor, half an ounce, and oil of belladonna extract, half an ounce, two ounces. Mix and apply with gentle friction. Should the swelling be great a broad bandage may be made for the teats to pass through, and fastened over her back. If necessary a large hop and mush poultice may be placed within the bandage over the udder. If abscesses form they may be opened and the parts dressed with sulphate of copper, powdered, one drachm; lard, one ounce.

R. W. M., Breedsville, Mich.—Blood spavin does not always cause lameness, and it frequently happens that no treatment is necessary. In a colt where the trouble is recent, a cure may be effected by fomenting the part with warm water and bandaging afterward with compresses. If this will not do, take of red iodide of mercury, 1 drachm, and of lard, 1 ounce. Mix and rub in a piece the size of a hulled walnut every day. This will absorb it. The colt should have rest.

JOHN B. THEVAL, Tennessee.—To get rid of the fleas on your dog, take a quarter of an ounce of Persian insect powder and mix it with a pint of water. Comb the dog, dipping the comb in the mixture as you do the combing.

The Honey of Plants.

Prof. W. W. Cooke, in an address at the Vermont Bee Keepers' convention upon "How and Why Plants Produce Honey," in relation to the means taken by nature to entice insects to plants, said it is to be noticed that wind-fertilized plants are dull in color, destitute of odor, and contain no honey, as in the case of pines and all conifers, hemp, hop and grasses. Large, conspicuous flowers are visited much more frequently, and by a greater variety of insects than small inconspicuous one. Bees probably distinguish flowers by bright-colored leaves. When bright blue flowers were cut off in an experiment, bees crawled over to get other flowers. When the small upper leaves, which the bees do not use to stand on, were cut off, the bees visited the flowers as usual. Odors attract insects, as shown by flowers covered with a muslin net. When possessed of odor they do not so much need color. Fourteen per cent. of white flowers have a sweet odor, while only 8 per cent. of red ones have it. Honey was certainly put in flowers to entice insects. When the honey-sac was cut off a large number of flowers, more than half of them were not visited by insects, and produced no seed. Even dark colored streaks on colored leaves of flowers are believed to be for guiding the insect to the honey-sac, so that it can suck a greater number of flowers in a given time, and hence produce more perfect cross-fertilization. As honey is of use to plants only as it helps to cross-fertilize them, it is always placed where it will aid in this.

Stolen Sweetness and Stings.

The Oakland (Cal.) *Tribune* of May 3 contained the following item concerning a theft of bees:

"Since before the days of the impenitent thief, the man who would steal a hot stove has topped the pinnacle of larcenous fame. His fame bids fair to become a thing of the past, and all on account of the superior larceny of a woman of East Oakland. There came to the office of Prosecuting Attorney Earl this morning a sad faced man —an apiarist whose natural sweetness had been soured o'er with a thick superstratum of woe. The sum total of his tale he told: He keeps his busy bees—and his bees assist in keeping him busy—on a lot adjoining the domicile of Mr. and Mrs. Foster on the East Oakland heights. His bees swarmed, and Mrs. Foster stole the swarm—so he said. Attorney Earl was prepared to meet the emergency of a purloined stove of superior caloric, but the theft of a swarm of bees was too much for the statutes in such cases made and provided, and the woe-steeped apiarist was refused the warrant for which he prayed. Incidentally the husband of the woman, who had made away with the bees, had made a pass at the apiarist of the soulsick mien, but Earl hardly considered the assault sufficiently aggravated for police interference, and the words the sad man spake, as he went his way, had more sting than honey in them.

In the next day's issue of the same paper, the editor made these remarks on the case:

At what stage in its career does the bee become a wild beast? was the question which presented itself to the mind of Prosecuting Attorney Earl, when the East Oakland apiarist wanted a warrant for the arrest of his neighbors, who, he said, had stolen many of his swarms. The bee is property when he stays at home, but when he wanders he belongs to the *feræ naturæ*. He chooses his own master, and very often puts his mark on him. Perhaps Officer Shorey might be sent with a search warrant to determine whether those bees have become wild beasts or not.

Ashes as a Fertilizer.

Ashes serve a good purpose in connection with manure and upon soils adepted to their use. Soils vary in character and may be so deficient in potash as to be benefited very much by the use of ashes, or they may be rich in potash and deficient in some other element, in which case ashes would do no good and in fact work disadvantageously. We know of an experiment with potatoes where ashes were used in comparison with other kinds of fertilizer, and where the ashes were used the yield was actually less than where no fertilizer of any kind was used. This fact shows the importance of making a comparative test of such matters upon a small scale at first before going into them too extensively. It is recommended to use ashes liberally. We have noticed that upon pasture land where brush trimmed from apple trees had been burned the result was a strong growth of green moss. Now this fact would be sufficient to suggest the impropriety of using ashes to any great extent upon the soil. The fact must not be lost sight of that the most beneficent fertilizer is stable manure, and the more extensive the accumulation the better the prospects for crops from its use.—*Exchange.*

The Chimneys.

Farmers should occasionally examine their chimneys and stove-pipes, and see that they are safe. Dwelling houses valued at $13,140,490 were burned during 1885 in the United States. The fires were attributed to 37 different causes, defective flue heading the list and including a large proportion. Let us build more wisely and watch more carefully.

GROWING GRAINS.

The Weather Bulletin for the Last Week and the Condition of Crops Generally.

WASHINGTON, June 20.—The weather bulletin for the week says:

Temperature — The weather has been warmer than the average for the week, except at stations on the Atlantic and gulf coasts, in the west gulf states and on the Pacific coast north of San Francisco.

In the wheat and corn regions of the North, the excess of temperature has been, at an average, from 4 to 10° above the normal.

The weather conditions of the week reported are especially favorable for corn and wheat, except in sections of Illinois, Iowa and Eastern Missouri, where all except corn has been more or less injured by drouth.

Rainfall—During the week there has been a deficiency of rainfall generally throughout the agricultural regions east of the Rocky mountains, except in sections of Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, Nebraska and Kansas, where slight excesses are reported. The greatest deficiency of rainfall is in Southern states, Lower Ohio and Central Mississippi valley. Slight deficiencies of rainfall were also reported in New England, but generally throughout the Northern states numerous and well distributed showers occurred, except in Illinois, where rain is much needed.

General remarks—The weather has been generally favorable for staple crops. There has been more than the usual amount of sunshine in the central valley.

The weather has been especially favorable for harvesting, which has been stringently pushed for winter wheat and hay in the Southern states, and now extends to the forty-second parallel in many sections of the wheat region.

CHICAGO, June 20.—The crop summary of the *Farmer's Review*, says: Eight winter wheat growing states report an average condition of 93 per cent. Two counties in Illinois average 95 per cent. Eight counties in Indiana 91 per cent. Kansas shows no improvement. The Kentucky average is 96 per cent. The Michigan average is 93 per cent. The Missouri average is 100 per cent. Ten counties in Ohio average 68 per cent. Seven counties in Wisconsin average 98 per cent. The condition of spring wheat is as follows: Ten Wisconsin counties report an average of 63 per cent. Seventeen counties in Iowa average 84 per cent. Eleven Minnesota counties average 87 per cent. Nine Nebraska counties average 90 per per cent. Six counties in Dakota average 99 per cent.

The oat crop is, on account of drouth and insects, everywhere below the average. Corn prospects are first-class. Hay and grass are reported short from drouth. Fruit prospects are fair.

He Eloped With $7,500,000.

PARIS, June 18.—The man with whom the Countess Campos left France is the Viscount Delatour Garboeuf. The couple went to Antwerp and will go from there to England, where they will be married.

The Countess has written to the papers saying that her object in running off with the Viscount was to secure her release from her oppressors and to regain her liberty. The fortune of the Countess is estimated at $7,500,000.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves, as ithers see us!"

Few women want to appear sick, and yet how many we see with pain written on every feature, who have been suffering for months from female weakness, and who could easily cure themselves by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," to be found at any drug store. This remedy is a specific for weak backs, nervous or neuralgic pains, and all that class of diseases known as "female complaints. Illustrated large treatise on diseases of women, with most successful courses of self-treatment, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. TALMAGE ON MUNICIPAL EVILS.

The Fountains of Corruption and How to Purify Them—The Great Work Which the Newspapers and the Schools Must Do.

BROOKLYN, June 19.—This morning at the Tabernacle the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage read, previous to the sermon, portions of scripture descriptive of ancient cities. His text was: "And the men of the city said unto Elisha, behold, I pray thee, the situation of this city is pleasant, as my Lord seeth; but the water is naught, and the ground barren. And he said, bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein. And they brought it to him. And he went forth into the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, thus said the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more dearth of barren land. So the waters were healed unto this day."—2 Kings ii. 19-22. Dr. Talmage said:

It is difficult to estimate how much of the prosperity and health of a city are dependend upon good water. The time when, through well laid pipes and safe reservoir, an abundance of water, from Croton, or Hudgewood, or Schuylkill, is brought into the city, is appropriately celebrated with oration and pyrotechnic display. Thank God every day for clear, bright, beautiful sparkling water, as it drops in the shower, or tosses up in the fountain, or rushes out at the hydrant.

The city of Jericho, notwithstanding all its physical and commercial advantages, was lacking in this important element. There was enough water, but it was diseased, and the people were crying out by reason thereof. Elisha the prophet came to the rescue. He says: "Get me a new cruse; fill it with salt and bring it to me." So the cruse of salt was brought to the prophet, and I see him walking out to the general reservoir, and he takes that salt and throws it into the reservoir, and lo! all the impurities depart, through a supernatural and divine influence, and the waters are good and fresh and clear and all the people clap their hands and lift up their faces in the gladness. Water for Jericho—clear, bright, beautiful, God-given water!

At different times I have pointed out to you the fountains of municipal corruption, and this morning I propose to show you what are the means for the rectification of those fountains. There are four or five kinds of salt that have a cleansing tendency. So far as God may help me, I shall bring a cruse of salt to the work, and empty it into the great reservoir of municipal crime, sin, and shame, ignorance and abomination.

In this work of cleaning our cities, I have first to remark that there is a work for the broom and the shovel that nothing else can do. There always has been an intimate connection between iniquity and dirt. The filthy parts of the great cities are always the most iniquitous parts. The gutters and pavements of the Fourth ward, New York, illustrate and symbolize the character of the people in the Fourth ward.

The first thing that a bad man does when he is converted is thoroughly to wash himself. There were, this morning, on the way to the different churches, thousands of men in proper apparel, who, before their conversion, were unfit in their Sabbath dress. When on the Sabbath I see a man uncleanly in his dress my suspicions in regard to his moral character are aroused, and they are always well founded. So as to allow no excuse for lack of ablution, God has cleft the continents with rivers and lakes, and has sunk five great oceans, and all the world ought to be clean. Away, then, with the dirt from our cities, not only because of the moral and health needs of adulthood, but because all the general moral and religious interests of the cities debaud it as a positive necessity. A filthy city always has been, and always will be, a wicked city.

Through the upturning of the earth for great improvement our city could not be expected to be as clean as usual, but for the illimitable dirt of Brooklyn there is no excuse. It is not a matter of dust in the eyes, and mud for the shoes, and stench for the nostrils, but of morals for the souls.

Another corrective influence that we would bring to bear upon the evils of our great cities, is a Christian printing press. The newspapers of any place are the thermometer of its moral morality. Any newsboy who runs along the street with a roll of papers under his arm is a tremendous force that cannot be turned aside nor resisted, and at his every step the city is elevated or degraded. This hungry, all-devouring American mind must have something to read, and upon editors and authors and book publishers and parents and teachers rests the responsibility of what they shall read. Almost every man you meet has a book in his hand or a newspaper in his pocket. What book is it you have in your hand? What newspaper is it you have in your pocket? Ministers may preach, reformers may plan, philanthropists may toil for the elevation of the suffering and the criminal, but until the newspapers of the land, and all the booksellers of the land set themselves against an iniquitous literature—until then we shall be fighting against fearful odds. Every time the cylinder of our great publishing houses turn they make the earth quake. From them goes forth a thought like an angel of light to feed and bless the world, or like an angel of darkness to smite it with corruption, and sin, and shame, and death. May God by His Omnipotent Spirit purify and elevate the American printing press.

I go on further and say that we must depend upon the school for a great deal of correcting influence. Community can no more afford to have ignorant men in it than it can afford to have uncaged hyenas. Ignorance is the mother of hydra-headed crime. Thirty-one per cent. of all the criminals of New York state can neither read nor write. Intellectual darkness is generally the precursor of moral darkness. I know there are educated outlaws—men, who through their sharpness of intellect are made more dangerous. They use their fine penmanship in signing other people's names, and their science in ingenious burglaries, and their fine manners in adroit libertinism. They go their round of sin with well-cut apparel, and dangling jewelry, and watches of eighteen karats, and kid gloves. They are educated, magnificent villains. But that is the exception. It is generally the case that the criminal classes are as ignorant as they are wicked. For the proof of what I say go into the prisons and the penitentiaries and look upon the men and women incarcerated. The dishonesty in the eye, the low passion in the lips, are not more conspicuous than the ignorance in the forehead. The ignorant classes are always the dangerous classes. Demagogues marshal them. They are helmless, and are driven before the gale.

It is high time that all city and state authority, as well as the federal government, appreciate the awful statistics that, while years ago in this country, there was set apart forty-eight millions of acres of land for school purposes, there are now in New England 191,000 people who can neither read nor write, and in the state of Pennsylvania 282,000 who can neither read nor write, and in the state of New York 600,000 who can neither read nor write, while in the United States there are nearly 6,000,000 who can neither read nor write. Statistics enough to stagger any man who loves his God and his country. Now, in view of this fact, I am in favor of compulsory education. When parents are so bestial as to neglect this duty to this child, I say the law, with a strong hand at the same time with a gentle hand, ought to lead these little ones into the light of intelligence and good morals. It was a beautiful tableau when in our city a swarthy policeman having picked up a lost child in the street, was found appeasing its cries with a stick of candy he had bought at the apple-stand. That was well done, and beautifully done. But oh! these thousands of little ones through our streets, who are crying for the bread of knowlenge and intelligence. Shall we not give it to them? The officers of the law ought to go down into the cellars and up into the garrets and bring out these benighted little ones, and put them under educational influences; after they have passed through the bath and under the comb, putting before them the spelling-book, and teaching them to read the Lord's Prayer and the Sermon on the Mount; "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Our city ought to be father and mother both to these outcast little ones. As a recipe for the cure of much of the woe, and want, and crime of our city, I give the words which Thorwaldsen had chiseled on the open scroll in in the hand of the statue of John Gutenberg, the inventor of The Art of Printing: "Let there be light!"

Still further: Reformatory societies are an important element in the rectification of the public fountains. Without calling any of them by name, I refer more especially to those which recognize the physical as well as the moral woes of the world. There was pathos and a great deal of common sense in what the poor woman said to Dr. Guthrie when he was telling her what a very good woman she ought to be. "Oh," she said, "if you were as hungry and cold as I am, you could think of nothing." I believe the great want of our city is the gospel and something to eat! Faith and repentence are of infinite importance; but they cannot satisfy an empty stomach! You have to go forth in this work with the bread of eternal life in your right hand, and the bread of this life in your left hand, and then you can touch them, imitating the Lord Jesus Christ, who first broke the bread and fed the multitude in the wilderness, and then began to preach, recognizing the fact that while people are hungry they will not listen, and they will not repent. We want more common sense in the distribution of our charities; fewer magnificent theories and more hard work.

Still further: The great remedial influence is the gospel of Christ. Take that down through the lanes of suffering. Take that down amid the hovels of sin. Take that up amid the mansions and palaces of your city. This is the salt that can cure all the poisoned fountains of public iniquity. Do you know that in this cluster of three cities, New York, Jersey City and Brooklyn, there are a great multitude of homeless children? You see I speak more in regard to the youth and the children of the country, because old villains are seldom reformed, and therefore I talk more about the little ones. They sleep under the stoops, in the burned-out safe, in the wagons in the streets, on the barges, whenever they can get a board to cover them. And in the summer they sleep all night long in the parks. Their destitution is well set forth by an incident. A city missionary asked one of them: "Where is your home, sir." Said he: "I don't have no home, sir." "Well, where are your father and mother?" "They are dead, sir." "Did you ever hear of Jesus Christ?" "No, I don't think I ever heard of Him." "Did you ever hear of God?" "Yes, I've heard of God. Some of the poor people think it kind of lucky at night to say something over about that before they go to sleep. Yes, sir, I've heard of Him." Think of a conversation like that in a Christian city!

How many are waiting for you to come out in the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ and rescue them from the wretchedness here! Oh, that the church of God had arms long enough and hearts warm enough to take them up! How many of them there are! As I was thinking of the homeless this morning it seemed to me as though there was a great brink, and that these little ones with cut and torn feet were coming on toward it. And here in a group of orphans. Oh, fathers and mothers, what do you think of those fatherless and motherless little ones? No hand or home to take care of their appalrel, no heart to pity them. Said one little one, when the mother died: "Who will take care of my clothes now?" The little ones are thrown out in this great cold world. They are shivering on the brink like lambs on the verge of a precipice. Does not your blood run cold as they go over it?

And here is another group that came on toward the precipice. Here are the children of respectable parents. They are worse off than orphans. Look at that pale cheek. Woe bleached it. Look at that gash across the forehead. The father struck it. Hear that heart piercing cry. A drunken mother's blasphemy compelled it. And we come out, and we say: "O ye suffering, peeled, and blistered ones, we come to help you." "Too late!" cry thousands of voices. "The path we travel is steep down, and we can't stop. Too late!" And we ertch our breath, and we make a terrible outcry. "Too late!" is echoed from the garret to the cellar, from the gin-shop, and from the brothel. "Too late!" It is too late, and they go over.

Here is another group, an army of neglected children. They come on toward the brink, and every time they step 10,000 hearts break. The ground is red with the blood of their feet. The air is heavy with their groans. Their ranks are being filled up from all the houses of iniquity and shame. Skeleton Despair pushes them on toward the brink. The death knell has already begun to toll, and the angels of God hover like birds over the plunge of a cataract. While these children are on the brink they halt, and they hold out their hands, and cry: "Help! help!" O church of God, will you help? Men and women bought by the blood of the Son of God, will you help? while Christ cries from the heaven: "Save them from going down; I am the ransom."

I stopped on the street and just looked at the face of one of these little ones. Have you ever examined the faces of the neglected children of the poor? Other children have dimples in their faces. When a group of them rush across the road it seems as though a spring gust had unloosened an orchard of apple blossoms. But these children of the poor. There is but little ring in their laughter, and it stops quick, as though some one more stern stopped it. They have an old walk. They do not skip or run up on the lumber just for the pleasure of leaping down. They never bathed in the mountain stream. They never waded in the brook for pebbles. They never chased the butterfly across the lawn, putting their hat right down where it was before. Childhood has been snatched out of them. Want with its wizard hand above them, the hangers of their birth, and withered leaves are lying where God intended a budding giant of battle. Once in a while one of these children gets out. Here is one for instance. At ten years of age he is sent out by his parents, who say to him: "Here is a basket—now go off and beg and steal." The boy says: "I can't steal." They kick him into a corner. That night he puts his swollen head into the straw; but a voice comes from heaven, saying: "Courage, poor boy, courage." Covering up his head from the bestiality, and stopping his ears from the cursing he gets on up better and better. He washes his face clean, and the public applaud him. With a few pennies got at running errands he gets a better coat. Rough men, knowing that he comes from a low street, say, "Back with you, you little villain, to the place where you came from." But that night the boy says, "God help me, I can't go back," and quicker than ever mother flew at the cry of a child's pain, the Lord responded from the heavens: "Courage, poor boy, courage!" His bright face gets him a position. After a while he is second clerk. Years pass on, and he is first clerk. Years pass on. The glory of young manhood is on him. He comes into the firm. He goes on from one business success to another. He has achievement in his grasp. He is the Sir Knight of the Church of God, the trustee of all good institutions, and one day he stands talking to the Board of Trade or to the chamber of Commerce. People say: "Do you know who that is? Why, that is a merchant prince, and he was born on Elm street." But God says in regard to him something better than that. Of these are they whose name came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." O, for some one to write the history of boy heroes and girl heroines who have triumphed over want and starvation and filth and rags! Yea, the record has already been made—made by the hand of God; and when these shall come at last with songs and rejoicings it will take a very broad banner to hold the names of all the battle fields on which they got the victory.

Some years ago a roughly-clad, ragged boy came into my brother's office in New York, and said: "Mr. Talmage, lend me $5." My brother said: "Who are you?" The boy replied: "I am nobody. Lend me $5." "What do you want to do with $5?" "Well," the boy replied, "my mother is sick and poor, and I want to go into the newspaper business, and I shall get a bundle for her, and I will pay you back." My brother gave him the $5, of course never expecting to see it again; but he said: "When will you pay it?" The boy said: "I will pay it in six months, sir." Time went by, and one day a lad came into my brother's office, and said: "There's your $5." "What do you mean? What $5?" inquired my brother. "Don't you remember that a boy came in here six months ago and wanted to borrow $5 to go into the newspaper business?" "Oh, yes, I remember. Are you the lad?" "Yes," he replied. "I have got along nicely. I have got a nice home for my mother (she is sick yet), and I am as well clothed as you are, and there's your $5." It was he not worth saving? Why, that lad is worth 50 such boys as I have sometimes seen moving in elegant circles, never put to any use for God or man. Worth saving! I go no further than that, and tell you they are not only worth saving, but they are being saved. One of these lads picked up from our streets, and sent West by a benevolent society, writes East, saying; "I am getting along first rate. I am on probation in the Methodist church. I shall be entered as a member the first of next month. I now teach a Sunday school class of eleven boys. I get along first rate with it. This is a splendid country to make a living in. If the boys running around the streets with a blacking-box on their shoulder, or a bundle of papers under their arms, only knew what high old times we boys have out here, they wouldn't hesitate about coming West, but come the first chance they get." So some by one humane and Christian visitation, and some by another, are being rescued. In one reform school, through which 2,000 of the little ones passed, 1,995 turned out well. In other words, only five of the 2,000 turned out badly. There are thousands of them who, through Christian societies, have been transplanted to beautiful homes all over this land, and there are many who, through the rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, have already been the crown of a life girl was found in the streets of Baltimore and taken into one of the reform societies, and they said to her: "What is your name?" She said: "My name is Mary." "What is your other name?" She said: "I don't know." So they took her into the reform society, and as they did not know her last name they always called her "Mary Lost," since she had been picked out of the street. But she grew on, and after awhile the Holy Spirit came to her heart, and she became a Christian child, and she changed her name, and when anybody asked her what her name was, she said: "It used to be Mary Lost, but now since I have become a Christian it is Mary Found."

For this vast multitude, are we willing to go forth from this morning's service and see what we can do, employing all the agencies I have spoken of for the rectification of the poisoned fountains? We live in a beautiful city. The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage; and any man who does not like a residence in Brooklyn, must be a most uncomfortable and unreasonable man. But, my friends, the material prosperity of a city is not its chief glory. There may be fine houses and beautiful streets, and that all the garniture of a sepulcher. Some of the most prosperous cities of the world have gone down, not one stone left upon another. But a city may be in ruins long before a tower has fallen, or a column has crumbled, or a tomb has been defaced. When in a city the churches of God are full of cold formalities and inanimate religion; when the houses of commerce are the abode of fraud and unholy traffic; when the streets are filled with crime unarrested and sin unenlightened and helplessness unpitied—that city is in ruins, though every church were a St. Peter's, and every moneyed institution were a Bank of England, and every library were a British Museum, and every house had a porch like that of Rheims, and a roof like that of Amiens, and a tower like that of Antwerp, and traceried windows like those of Freiburg.

My brethren, our minutes beat rapidly the time away, and soon we shall be gone; and what we have to do for the city in which we live we must do right speedily, or never do it at all. In that day when those who have wrapped themselves in luxuries and despised the poor shall come to shame and everlasting contempt, I hope it may be said of you and me that we gave bread to the hungry and wiped away the tear of the orphan, and upon the wanderer of the street we opened the brightness and benediction of a Christian home; and then, through our instrumentality, it shall be known on earth and in heaven that Mary Lost became Mary Found!

News of the Week.

THE WHEAT DEAL.

The Worst Is Over, and the Atmosphere Will Soon be Clear Again.

CHICAGO, June 15.—[Special wire.]—There were many anxious commission men in the vicinity of the Board of Trade last night. Their offices were lighted, and they and their clerks worked at their books until long after midnight. The sight presented in the neighborhood was an unusual one, as every office building there was lighted from top to bottom.

Even the casual observer would have suspected something wrong.

There was no mistake in finding commission men who had been caught in the great break of a few hours before and less trouble in prevailing upon them to talk. The universal opinion was that everything hinged upon Kershaw's ability to meet the demands for margins, and unless he did so, his failure would carry down from 30 to 50 houses.

There were some few who thought that if Armour, and Hutchinson, and two or three of the other "big ones" come forward this morning and help sustain the market that a veritable panic could be averted, but even they claimed that a great deal depended on Mr. Kershaw.

What fortunes were lost and won during the day no one can accurately estimate.

It is estimated that not less than 100,000,000 bushels were traded in during the day, representing an average loss or gain of seven to eight cents a bushel—$7,000,000 to $8,000,000. There was a loss of over $1,000,000 in cash wheat alone, besides the shrinkage in futures. One bear who sold largely in the day and bought at the close, is credited with clearing $250,000 on the days' operations. The crowd of big bear scalpers made not less than $1,000,000 altogether on the day.

Kershaw said just before the opening of the board this morning: "I will pay my differences to-day and margins in the market."

Wiltshire said:—"Kershaw has the money and will go through to-day all right."

There was an enormous crowd on the floor and in the galleries when the board of trade long before the opening hour this morning. When the bell sounded at 9:30, a roar went up and the day's session began.

The first sales of wheat were at 75¾c for June and 76c for July, which was an advance of ¾ cent and ⅝ respectively.

Soon after the opening President Wright announced the suspension of Bruce Small & Co., Jas. H. Foust & Co., B. J. McCleary and S. C. Orr. The suspension of these firms did not cause any excitement, as they were in no way identified with the clique.

At 10 o'clock the price was 77¼ for June, and 75½ for July.

The suspension of Pickering & Co., another small firm, was announced shortly after 10 o'clock.

There was a sensational and dramatic counsel at the American Exchange National Bank this morning. It began at 7 o'clock and settled the fate of to-day's market.

There were present Joe Wiltshire, of Cincinnati, a middle-sized, swarthy man and Eggledson, Kershaw's partner, whose fortune is at stake, because it is claimed, he has been active in the business.

Kershaw's face showed the lines made by a terrible 48-hour strain. President D. W. Irwin, of the bank and of the firm of Irwin, Green & Co., was of the most determined looking men of the lot. Cashier Deweare, of the bank, and several of the directors were present.

This consultation began just as soon as Wiltshire got off the Cincinnati train at the foot of Lake street and hurried to the bank. He was accompanied by a good-looking, smooth-faced young fellow, whose sack coat bulged in full bank fashion when they are hurrying to the bank to make deposits. The pair at once entered the bank and the director's room, where the others were to meet them.

The scene presented will not be soon forgotten. Kershaw was busy writing. His face was haggard, but the man looked brave. Eggledson's face was a study, too, as he sat in this interview.

The perspiration dropped from his brow, and his great red beard was all awry.

Wiltshire at 8 o'clock left the bank and walked to the corner of Dearborn and Monroe streets, where he met the young fellow who had accompanied him on the train, and who had before this left the bank for the Richelieu hotel. The young fellow's pockets bulged again.

The two entered the bank, and in 30 minutes more the council was over. Kershaw had the money to pay his differences and to margin the market.

Immediately after the opening of the board of trade, the secretary rapped for silence. It was a difficult thing to obtain, but when he finally prevailed, he read the following:

GENTLEMEN:—We are prepared to pay all our clearing house differences and to margin below the market. C. J. KERSHAW & CO.

A yell of delight broke out at this, and the galleries which were packed the suffocation by ladies responded by the waving of handkerchiefs. The few announcements of several failures that followed did not count. The board of trade directors held a special session before the opening of Change to day for the purpose of deciding whether or not to take any action.

It was thought when the meeting was called that it would be best to adjourn the board for a day in order to allow the excitement to cool off, but it was finally decided that no action was necessary.

11:30 A. M.—Four more failures have just been announced on 'Change. The firms are T. B. Balding & Co., Crosby & Co., Hibbard & Co., and M. B. Crafts.

T. B. Balding & Co. claim to be even on the market. The suspension of Hibbard & Co. and Crosby & Co. caused some surprise as both came unexpectedly. Hibbard & Co. claim to be solvent.

July wheat dropped to 73¼c.

12:15 p. m.—The suspension of S. M. Robinson, and Crafts & Co. has been announced. It is as yet utterly impossible to form any adequate idea of the amount involved in the failures of the morning. B. J. McCleary's downfall is thought the heaviest, and will reach more firms than any other. McCleary, it is said, was in the wall quite heavily but in the present unsettled state of affairs even members of the firm will not like to say how they stood.

As 'Changes were open and trades unsettled and until matters are adjusted, it will be next to impossible to tell how any of the firms stand.

The excitement in the pit is fast increasing, and the bears are savagely raiding the market. At 12:52 p. m., July wheat was sent down to 72¾c. From there it dropped to 72⅝c, then to ⅝, then to ½, then to 72c, then to 71½c, and then in one jump, to 71c.

Another drop of 2½ cents was recorded at two minutes past noon, when the market touched 70½c. From this point it declined to 70, then recovered in jumps of ½c to 70¾ and 71, then back to 70¾, and at 12:11 p. m. is 71¾ for July and 71½c for June.

NINETEEN FAILURES.

The Losses Show an Aggregate of About Two Million Dollars.

CHICAGO, June 16.—[Press.]—The failures yesterday numbered fifteen. They were as follows, with an estimate of the liabilities:

Crosby & Co.	$75,000
H. K. Matthews	60,000
J. A. Edwards & Co.	50,000
M. B. Crafts & Co.	40,000
B. J. McCleary & Co.	25,000
Pickering & Co.	20,000
S. D. Eldredge & Co.	18,050
Gregg, Son & Co.	15,000
Bird Bros. & Co.	10,000
T. E. Balding & Co.	10,000
J. H. Yourt & Co.	10,000
Hibbard & Co.	10,000
M. S. Robinson & Co.	8,000
Yourt & Brearley	5,000
S. C. Orr	6,000
Total	$361,000

Including the failures of the day before, M. Rosenfield & Co., Hamill & Brine and E. W. Bailey & Co., there is a total of nineteen, with aggregate liabilities approaching two million. Some of these failures were caused by inability of the parties to reach their outside customers, while others were caused by the failure of Rosenfield & Co., and the suspension of payments by Kershaw & Co.

The clerk's office in the court-house had hardly opened to-day, before the attorneys for suffering Board of Trade speculators began crowding in with affidavits for attachments on which to have service of garnishee secured.

Among the first to appear was attorney Riddle, who called as he

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Ex-President Hopkins, of the Williams college, has died.

Chicago, under Mayor Roche, will close the gambling shops.

The police of Berlin have prohibited the circulation of the Chicago *Workmen's Gazette*.

Forty-six delegates met at Lagrange, Ky., and organized the Union Labor party of Kentucky.

The convention of American Nurserymen has ended in Chicago, to meet at Detroit June 30, 1888.

It is officially announced that Emperor William is making remarkable progress toward recovery.

The Michigan Senate has passed the high license bill tax of $500 for wholesale and $300 for retail stores.

The Massachusetts House has refused to agree to the constitutional prohibitory amendment—135 to 73.

A pine forest covering 150,000 acres at Canau, in the province of Arcadion, France, has been destroyed by fire.

Capt. Murchison, of Jackson, Tenn., who has fasted 90 days, baking neither food nor drink during that time, has died.

It is said the Bay State Gas Company, of Boston, is about to absorb all the Boston gas companies. The amount of purchase money is about $10,000,000.

A mob set fire to the Jewish quarter of the town of Duna-Szerdahela in Hungary. The quarter was almost entirely destroyed and 125 families were made homeless.

The jury in the Chicago "boodle" case returned a verdict finding both McGarigle and McDonald guilty, and fixing the sentence at three years in the state prison.

Mr. John Bright has written to Mr. Gladstone an eulogy for having practically quoting his Swansea speech, and accusing him of talking of Ireland as if there was no province of Ulster.

The first dinner of the newly formed Butler club has occurred. Gen. Butler devoted most of his speech to a denunciation of the recent battle flag order of President Cleveland.

Dr. McKenzie has examined the German Crown Prince's throat. The doctor reports that he found the fungus growth had not enlarged, and that there were no signs of congestion.

The queen's jubilee has been celebrated in Glasgow. A grand memorial religious service was held in the Cathedral, and 6,000 poor people were given a dinner at the public expense.

Bismarck's condition becomes worse. He is afflicted with rheumatic pains, which prevent sleep. The doctors advise rest and a change of climate. His illness, however, prevents traveling at present.

Mr. Edward Marrech Bernard, a London justice of the peace, and his wife, while out driving driving near Killarney, were fired at by some person in ambush. Neither was hurt, but their horse was wounded.

The Michigan senate has passed the house local option bill after making some slight changes. The house will probably accept the amendments, and the bill will then go to Governor Luce for his signature.

O'Brien was received, on his arrival at Cork, and presented the freedom of the city. He said the greatest danger he encountered in Canada was not at the hands of Orangemen, but at the hands of impedimate friends.

The Masonic grand lodge of Dakota has passed a resolution that no person engaged in keeping a saloon shall be entitled to join any subordinate lodge in that jurisdiction, and that no Mason keeping a saloon shall be received into any lodge by affiliation.

Mr. Blaine has arrived at Southampton and will probably remain in that city a few days. He emphatically refuses to disclose his programme. All his party are well. Pendleton, minister to Germany, met the party at the wharf and conducted them to their hotel.

The Hawaiian consul general in London denies the stories circulated about troubles having arisen in King Kalakaua's dominions and the possible deposition of the king. He says the queen would have probably been put into currency by a knot of disaffected politicians.

The principals of the late wheat clique are estimated losers to the extent of $4,000,000 to $5,000,000. Their followers and tools are losers to fully three times the amount. A roughly calculated the collapse in Chicago represents about $10,000,000 by all concerned on the losing side.

The will of the late ex-vice-President W. A. Wheeler was opened at Malone. It gives $25,000 to home missions, $5,000 to foreign missions, $500 to his housekeeper, Miss Chambers, and and a few bequests to numerous friends. It is rumored that interested parties intend to contest the will.

The board of visitors at Andover Theological Seminary made a public decision in the cases of Prof. Egbert C. Smith and his adherents in the faculty of the seminary, tried some months ago for teaching doctrines contrary to those laid down by the founders of the seminary. They find Prof. Smith guilty; the others not guilty. The office of Prof. Smith is declared vacant. Prof. Smith said this was not the end of the matter.

After much squabbling the Union Labor party of Kentucky placed a full ticket in nomination to be voted for at the coming state election as follows: Governor, A. H. Cargin, Crittenden; lieutenant-governor, O. N. Bradburn, Louisville; attorney-general, John P. Neuman, Campbell; treasurer, George Smith, Hancock; auditor, John McMurtry, Fayette; superintendent public institutions, R. M. McBeath, Marion.

News from Honolulu shows that the government there has been searching for and detaining arms, on the ground of public safety. It is claimed that the people have become exasperated at the King's action in fortifying the palace walls and taking in supplies and munition there, and that American and British residents have appealed to their respective governments for protection, and asked for a man-of-war to send to Honolulu.

NO USE FOR GAMBLERS.

Ten Thousand Dollar's Worth of Property Consigned to the Flames.

ATLANTA, Ga., June 15.—[Special wire.]—Yesterday morning a remarkable sight was witnessed at the intersection of the three principal streets of Atlanta. Six wagon loads of gambling tools were hurried to ashes. An immense crowd witnessed the burning. Ever since Atlanta "went dry" an extraordinary effort has been made by the police authorities to suppress gaming in every form.

During the past eighteen months the police have raided many gaming establishments and captured a large quantity of the paraphernalia usually found in such establishments. This consists of faro layouts, roulette tables, fortune wheels, rouge et noire outfits, chuck-luck boxes, poker tables and chips, markers, decks of cards, and dice boxes, and every other conceivable device for games of chance.

All these, making over six large wagon loads, were hauled to the most public corner in the city ground dumped into two large piles. The tables and fortune wheels and faro boards were broken and split into small pieces. Some of the furniture was new and costly. The aggregate value of the two piles of fuel was not less than $10,000.

After pouring several gallons of kerosene oil upon the piles Chief of Police Connally applied a match, and in a few minutes the flames were shooting upwards. The mass of matter was rapidly consumed. Several old gamblers, whose property some of the gaming outfits was, stood and watched the destruction of the costly and beautiful devices. It was to them a sad sight.

TILDEN AND HAYES.

The Part Taken in the Contest by the New New Hampshire Senator.

NEW YORK, June 15—[Special wire.]—The *Sun* for some days has been crediting William E. Chandler with originating and carrying out the plans by which the votes of Florida, South Carolina and Louisiana were counted for the Republicans in 1876. John Reid, of the *Times* has denied that William E. Chandler took any part more important than that of copyist in originating the plans at the Fifth Avenue hotel on the morning of Nov. 8, 1876.

John Reid was the only person present besides the two Chandlers in the room when the celebrated dispatches of that morning were sent to the doubtful states. Mr. Reid tells the whole story in the *Times* this morning, and at the end makes the following summary:

Mr. Chandler's efforts in behalf of the grand old Republican party on the morning of Nov. 8, 1876, may therefore be briefly summarized as follows: First, he first enlightened two lone women nearly out of their wits; second, he finally discovered the number of Zachariah Chandler's room; third, he acted as an a manenuusis for a gentleman who dictated five dispatches—work well done; fourth, he acted as secretary to bring a carriage around to the 23d street enterance of the Fifth Avenue hotel—(result satisfactory;)—fifth, he attempted to open a door to enable the gentleman bearing the dispatches the more readily to reach the street—made a mess of it.

The whole scheme of sending what were afterward called "visiting statesmen" to the doubtful states, originated in the brain of Zachariah Chandler, not William E. Chandler.

If the New York *Sun* and Mr. William E. Chandler can find any comfort in the foregoing plain narration of facts they are entirely welcome to it.

LABOR AGITATORS.

Southern Counties Holding Mass Meetings to Head Them Off.

COLUMBIA, S. S., June 18—[Special wire.]—Labor agitators and incendiaries like Hoover, who was recently shot in Georgia are at work in the northern portion of this state creating trouble between the land owners and colored laborers.

The operatives in Fishing Creek cotton factory joined a labor society and attempted to dictate terms, but were immediately discharged. The ignorant farm laborers are being worked upon. A strike at this time would be disastrous to the farmers and the state.

A mass meeting of leading farmers in Chester, York and Lancaster counties has been held to denounce the agitators and warn them to desist from their incendiary teachings. A committee of determined citizens were appointed to warn the disturbers. If the warning is not heeded force will be used.

THE DAY IN LONDON.

A Beautiful Day for England's Greatest Event—Scenes and Incidents.

LONDON, June 21.—[Press.]—The first day of the 51st year of the reign of Queen Victoria over Great Britain, opened with perfect summer weather in London. A lovelier day could not have been desired for the celebration of Her Majesty's Jubilee. The sun shone bright, the air was clear and not very warm, and a gentle breeze blew steadily.

The crowds scattered over the city are unprecedented in numbers and size. Thousands of people who yesterday selected locations along the route of to-day's procession, in order to retain them occupied them all the night, and many used camp-stools or improvised rests to enable them to withstand the long and tiresome occupation.

A steady stream of carriages and pedestrians poured constantly all night until dawn through the city from all directions towards West End.

At 5 o'clock this morning every point of vantage along the streets composing the royal procession route was secured.

At 9 o'clock the line of route was on each side a compact mass of people. Everybody, despite the discomfort of the crowding manifested the utmost good humor.

The scene at Westminster Abbey was most brilliant. Every seat was filled, and every person present was a distinguished person. When the identities were enumerated, it seemed as if every locality the world ever had sent one or more of its representative personages to do honor to England's queen, on Britains greatest holiday.

There never was, probably, in modern times assembled under one roof, an audience so well and so brilliantly arrayed. Every man present entitled to wear a uniform or decoration, had both on, new or burnished up. When this audience was all seated, the scene presented was incomparable. When the sun shone brightly through the noble stained windows of the abbey, its rays fell upon an unaccustomed sight and the picture was indescribable.

This audience, banked up as it was in church, was anything but sombre. For a while when all were seated there was quiet, but this was only temporary and lasted only long enough to enable the people to locate one another. Then there was the life of recognition and of gossip and it graduated rapidly into a noisy hum.

This was startling to a person who entered suddenly, considering the place and who were buried there, but the stranger was soon fascinated and himself added to what had struck him as desecrating. Busy and interested as were the people making this irreverent congregation, some personages entered the abbey strong enough to compel general attention and recognition.

When the Marquis of Salisbury, the queen's prime minister, entered and proceeded to the place set apart for him, he was cheered.

When Mr. Gladstone was observed quietly edging his way to his seat, he was also cheered. Such was the eagerness of those who had assured places in the audience at Westminster to be on hand, that scores of loiterning ladies repaired to the edifice at unnecessarily early hours, and as many of them admitted, without having partaken of any breakfast.

It was a strange sight to see flasks and sandwiches exchanged in such a crowd and eagerly used by numberless aristocrats unable longer to endure hunger or thirst.

This business when added to the hum, at times, seemed irreverent, even on jubilee day in Westminster. The line of the procession from Buckingham palace to Westminster Abbey was as follows: From the palace portals, along Constitution Hill, Piccadilly, Regent street, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, East Cockspur street, Northumberland avenue, Thames embankment, Bridge street to Abbey.

The line of route was kept by nearly 10,000 troops, representing all branches of the service, and in addition 600 boys from naval training ships were drawn up at the base of the Nelson monument. In addition to the military, many thousands of police, both mounted and on foot, were on duty under the command of Sir Charles Warren. The military force was under the command of Gen. Gipps and Col. Stirling, of the Coldstream Guards.

The first of the royal procession was composed of the Indian princes and a few minor German princes. Punctually at 11:15 a. m. the queen's carriage emerged from the palace gates. At sight of her thousands of voices were lifted up in cheers, the applause being accompanied by the music of the many military bands stationed in front of the palace. The queen did wear her state robes, but was dressed in black.

Her carriage was drawn by eight ponies. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, her sons the Crown Prince Imperial of Germany, the Earquis of Lorne, Prince Christian of Schleswich-Holstein, and Prince Henry, of Battenberg, her sons-in-law and the Princes Albert, Victor and George, of Wales, Prince Alfred of Edinburg and Prince, William, of Prussia, her grandsons—all rode in full uniform beside the queen's coach, as a body guard. When the people at the palace gates had shouted themselves hoarse cheering for the queen, they continued to cry out long life to the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Facing Devonshire house, at the Bath hotel, another gigantic booth had been erected, and from this point to Westminster Abbey every point of vantage had been seized by contractors to fix seats. Shop fronts and first floors were rented from $20 to $60 pounds each, and in some cases even more. The fronts of the Burlington arcade, the Royal academy, the Egyptian hall, St. James' parish church (where 1,000 children were gathered and sang "God Save the Queen,") and the Museum of Geology were all packed with human beings.

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The English people will feel that they have great reason for gratitude, which can not be better expressed than by more and more farsightedly and resolutely facing the great and inevitable tasks of the future.

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The vessel was headed toward the harbor, but had scarcely turned about when she was struck by a terrible squall.

The wind bore the barge round and round. The hold filled with water, and in half a minute she went to the bottom.

The captain, the mate and two of the captain's sons saved themselves by clinging to floating fenders. This morning about 3 o'clock the cries of the shipwrecked quartette attracted the attention of the lookout on the steamer Pearl, bound to Cleveland from Detroit.

A life-boat was lowered and the shipwrecked mariners were brought to Cleveland. The lost were:

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Alphos and Jenny Gillespie, the master's children.

Peter Grines, of Cleveland, engineer.

John Peterson, fireman.

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Peter Powley, of Lighthouse Station. O., deck hand.

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Many American ladies and gentlemen had secured seats at a palatial commercial establishment in Waterloo Place, and joined in the enthusiasm as warmly as the English.

On turning into Bridge street, around St. Stephens club, Her Majesty obtained a full view of the Abbey and the preparations which had been made in Parliament Square. The ground floor of the Abbey was concealed by the lofty grand stand.

[Victoria Alexandrina, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India, only child of the late Duke of Kent and of the late Princess Louisa Victoria of Saxe-Coburg, was born at Kensington palace May 24, 1819; her parents, who had been residing abroad, having hastened to England in order that their child might be born a subject. In 1837 she was 17 years old. Her father died January 23, 1820. She succeeded her uncle, William IV, June 20, 1837, as Victoria I, and her coronation was celebrated in Westminster Abbey, June 28, 1838. She was married Feb. 10, 1840, to his late royal highness, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, by whom she had issue: First, Victoria Adelaide Mary Louise, born November 21, 1840, married January 25, 1858; second, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, born November 9, 1841, married March 10, 1863; third, Alice Maude Mary, born April 15, 1843, married July 1, 1862, died December 14, 1878; fourth, Alfred Ernest Albert, born August 3, 1844, married January 23, 1874; fifth, Helena Augusta Victoria, born May 26, 1846, married July 5, 1866; sixth, Louisa Caroline Alberta, born March 18, 1848, married March 21, 1871; seventh, Arthur William Patric Albert, born May 1, 1850, married in March, 1879; eighth, Leopold George Albert, born April 7, 1853, married in April, 1882; ninth, Beatrice Mary Victoria, born April 14, 1857, married July 23, 1885. Her majesty's mother died March 16, 1861, followed by the sudden death of the prince consort, December 14. On succeeding to the throne the queen found the Whig and Conservative parties nearly balanced in the House of Commons. Lord Melbourne and his colleagues continued to hold office until September, 1841, when, owing to their want of financial ability, they were obliged to give place to the late Sir Robert Peel. His repeal of the corn laws led to the accession to power of Lord John Russell, who was succeeded in January, 1852, by the Earl of Derby. In the following December the Conservative party resigned, giving place to Lord Aberdeen and the coalition cabinet, which was dismissed in February, 1855. Then came Lord Palmerston's first administration, which continued until 1858, and Lord Derby, for the second time, held power. In 1859 his ministry resigned and Lord Palmerston formed his second cabinet. He died in 1865, and Lord Russell became premier. In 1866 Lord Derby formed the third administration. The Conservatives being placed in a minority at the general election in 1868, Mr. Disraeli resigned office, and was succeeded as prime minister by Mr. Gladstone. In 1874, the Conservatives again came into power, and Mr. Disraeli, afterward Lord Beaconsfield, formed a new administration. On January 1, 1877, the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India by the governor-general at Delhi. On the defeat of the Conservatives in 1880, Mr. Gladstone formed another Liberal administration, which continued in office till the spring of 1885, when it was defeated on a tariff bill, and succeeded by a Conservative administration, under Lord Salisbury. In April, 1882, an attempt on the Queen's life was made at Windsor by one Roderick Maclean, who after trial was confined during the Queen's pleasure. "The Early Days of His Royal Highness, the Prince Consort," compiled under the direction of Her Majesty appeared in 1867, followed by "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands."]

CANADA FOR PROHIBITION.

The Friends of the Movement Rejoiced—The Shipment of Horses in Bond.

OTTAWA, Ont., June 16.—[Special wire.]—It is reported that Sir John Macdonald threatened to resign if the House of Commons adopted the resolution in favor of total prohibition. While no individual case of coercion is cited, still Sir John's reported threat is said to have had considerable effect on his followers.

The Prohibitionists are jubilant at the closeness of the vote, and while they do not anticipate obtaining anything from this Parliament, they will organize strongly for the next general election.

In the House of Commons yesterday Mr. Gilmore called attention to the fact that the United States government have stopped Canadian horses from passing into the United States in bond to perform temporary work, and parties taking their horses from Canada for such work must now enter them and pay the duties.

Minister Bowel says the department of Customs was in possession of the circular issued by the Treasury department at Washington depriving Canadians of the privileges they formerly enjoyed in this particular. The government would, however, issue the most liberal regulations in order to assist Canadians to obtain employment in the way mentioned.

LIABILITY OF BANK DIRECTORS.

An Important Decision in Favor of Depositors by the Illinois Supreme Court.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., June 18.—[Special wire.]—An important decision has been rendered by the Supreme court in a bank case which has been in the courts for several years. Gardener Case was a depositor in the Bunker Hill bank at Bunker Hill, Ill. The bank failed while holding his deposits, and he brought suit against the directors individually to recover, setting up the claim that if deposits were received, when the directors by exerting due diligence might have known the bank was insolvent, they were legally liable for the deposits.

The Circuit court of Macoupin county gave judgment in favor of Case and the defendants appealed to the Appelate courts which affirmed the decision of the court below.

The case was then carried to the Supreme court, which again affirmed it. The opinion declares the following doctrine:

First—That the directors of a bank are trustees for the depositors as well as for the stockholders.

Second—That they are bound to the observance of ordinary care and diligence and are hence liable for injuries resulting from its nonobservance.

CLOSED ITS DOORS.

The Fidelity National Bank of Cincinnati in Trouble—Great Excitement Reported. Among the Depositors—Directors in Session.

CINCINNATI, June 21.—The Fidelity National bank was closed this morning by order of the government, through its representative, Mr. Eugene Powell.

A meeting of the board of directors was called at 7 o'clock this morning and is now in session. No means of ascertaining their action exists.

The doors of the bank are closed, and policemen within and without guard the entrance against everybody except persons having business with the safe deposit department of the bank.

The sidewalks are lined with people in the vicinity, who are quietly discussing the situation without even knowing that a government bank examiner has been here, or that the doors are closed by government authority.

No notice has been posted and the only information given at the door is that the doors are absolutely closed to everybody except persons having property in the safe deposit vaults.

One irate depositor created a scene by forcing himself half way into the door, where he received a heavy blow in the face from some one inside, and was finally taken away by the officers.

He said he left his money and his bank book in there yesterday and he wanted at least his book. Nothing at all is known yet of the action of reorganization, as suggested by leaving out the three officers named in these dispatches last night. (They are E. L. Harper, vice president and manager; Ammi Baldwin, cashier; Ben E. Hopkins, assistant cashier.)

It will be the duty of the directors to make this change, if it is made at all. One of the officials of the bank this morning assured a friend, who had entrance to the safe deposit vaults, that the bank would pay every dollar it owed.

The general feeling has been that the bank is strong enough, but a feeling of mistrust has become engendered from various causes against a few of the officers.

The *Commercial Gazette*, in an editorial, thus refers to this feeling:

Cincinnati, financially, is very sound. If any of our moneyed institutions have been involved in speculations, it is only necessary to eliminate that speculative element and proceed under safe conditions. There is nothing to justify apprehension and such disturbance as gossips may promote but cannot remedy.

THEY WANT A RECEIVER.

LATER.—It is now stated that the directors have determined upon the appointment of a receiver to take charge of the business, and an effort is being made to obtain one. Mr. Griffiths, of the Citizens' National, has been suggested. It is thought he will not accept.

11:30 A. M.—The directors' meeting has closed, but the doors still remain impassable, being guarded by a doorkeeper and policeman within and several policemen on the outside. The crowd has all gone, and aside from the policemen at the door and the few knots of people discussing the situation, there is nothing to indicate the occurrence of anything more than usual.

At the meeting of directors, Mr. Powell, the bank examiner, announced that owing to impairment of the bank's resources the government would take charge of it, and would appoint a receiver to wind up the business. It is said unofficially that the alternative was given of continuing in business by a reorganization which would leave out Vice President Harper, Cashier Baldwin and Assistant Cashier Hopkins.

But these directors were unable to agree upon such a plan or were unwilling to take the risk of a run following the interference by the government.

A RECEIVER APPOINTED.

The outcome, however, was the appointment of Mr. John R. DeCamp, vice president of the Metropolitan National bank, receiver, and he was placed in charge of the bank's affairs. It is now stated that the clearing house settlements for the past few days have shown an unusual drain on their resources.

Besides this, many banks have kept their checks out of bank as a special favor. There are numerous rumors afloat concerning the cause of the action of the bank examiner. Vice President Harper, who has borne a heavy strain during the past week, is much distressed.

He calls himself a ruined man, and is in a high state of excitement. A conservative director says it is his opinion that the depositors will get their money in full.

THE BANK INSOLVENT.

The Comptroller of the Currency Receives an Official Telegram from Powell.

WASHINGTON, June 21.—The comptroller of the currency to-day received a telegram from Mr. Powell, the regular bank examiner for the western district of Ohio. It says that he had taken charge of the Fidelity National Bank of